

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## WHAT LILY POMOROY DID.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

NOT that it was anything very remarkable that Lily Pomoroy did, but then it was so different from what anybody expected she would do.

Lily blossomed into girlhood with perfect health and great beauty of a delicate, flower-like type. Her clear little brain and ready tact not only took her safely through all the school "ologies" and dreaded examinations, but also enabled her, notwithstanding all little rivalries and jealousies, to keep friends with her numerous classmates, as well as with her admirers of the other sex belonging to the High School over the way. However personal claims might be denied, all agreed that Lily Pomoroy was the sweetest, best girl in the world.

Nobody called her talented—not even Mr. Blenerhassett, whose favorite pupil she was. In Lily's peculiar organization, sweetness seemed to drink up smartness. She was simply Lily Pomoroy, kind-hearted, pleasing, bright, and pretty.

When Mr. Pomoroy died, and it was found that his salary had been the sole maintenance of the family, and that the generous way of living and the easy hospitality of the house had left no surplus to be laid up for the proverbial "rainy day," representatives from the various branches of the family held a council.

Uncle George and Cousin Reuben, as well as others who had their say on the subject, thought without a doubt that Susan, that was Mrs. Pomoroy, had better take little Katie and go home to grandfather's.

The sale of the furniture would give a little spending fund for the present. Harry could have a situation found for him that would pay board, and a little time and experience would suffice to put him in the way of a salary. As

for Lily, why, of course, she would make an early settlement—there was no question of that. Meanwhile, being a most entertaining companion, she was welcome everywhere. She could find a niche in the homes of all the friends successively—everybody wanted Lily. This was the way the relations settled the matter, very much to their own satisfaction.

And Lily, sitting cutting paper dolls for little Katie as fast as her nimble fingers could fly, and interspersing remarks to the child, talked with the mother one of those first days when realities intruded and must be met.

"Did father ever do anything about securing this house for our own, mother?" at length she asked.

"No, dear. He hoped to this year. He liked the place, and wanted to buy it, but"—and sudden tears stopped utterance.

Lily took Katie and went to the window to show her "doggie," Mr. Mason's big, black Brave, who came and put his paws on the sill and looked in upon them from the piazza, and the subject was not returned to till the day after the evening Uncle George came over to have a private conference with Mrs. Pomeroy. The next morning the lady appeared with swollen eyes and tear-stained face. Not even Lily's brightest smile could win a faint return. Five years seemed to have passed over her since last night. Uncle George had brought her a statement of her affairs. The mother looked around upon her darlings. Uncle George's plan meant separation.

Lily suspected how it was. It was strange her face did not cloud. She did not seem to notice her mother's indisposition to conversation.

While the lady was washing the china and silver, however, Lily flitted down from her

own room, left in daintiest possible order, and with a piece of delicate embroidery sat down in the low sewing-chair.

"Uncle George stayed quite late last night," she ventured, by way of introduction.

"He came to talk about our plans for the future," said the mother.

"Cousin Charlotte told me what his mind was. He wants you to give up the house."

"I suppose we will be obliged to do that, Lily. There seems to be no other way."

"I do not think so, mother."

Although Lily's voice was so calm and soothing, there was in it a tone of quiet decision that surprised Mrs. Pomoroy more than the words did.

Uncle George doubtless knows more about it than we can, dear."

"I do not think we will give up the house, though," reiterated Lily cheerily. "If Harry is to have a situation that will pay his board, why not let him board at home, mother?"

"Girls know so little of the expenses of living!" exclaimed the mother. "You do not consider, my love, that we have no income of any kind whatever."

"We must have an income from the house," said Lily. "I am coming down-stairs to room with you and Katie, and we will clear the light clothes-press and put Harry there, dear fellow! That leaves the chambers clear for boarders."

A faint gleam of sympathy now came to Mrs. Pomoroy's face, but it gradually disappeared.

"I had thought of something of the kind," she said, "but your Aunt Sophy tried taking boarders. She came to the conclusion there was little profit in it, and the 'wear and tear' is great."

"Aunt Sophy had to buy everything to begin with. We have a fair supply of most everything for some time to come, and the 'spoiling of our goods' will not be much more than it has been with the guests we have always had. Boarders will at least enable us to live, mother, and to stay in our home with each other."

"I wish I could think so," said the mother. "Perhaps I might if it were not for the rent, but that would be a burden constantly to be borne. I see no provision for it."

"Buy the house, and put an end to the rent."

"Lily Pomoroy, are you beside yourself, my child?"

"No, mother—not at all, I think. We can sell the piano, and perhaps some of the other furniture, and make a payment down."

"Sell the piano!"

A great sob sprang to Lily's throat, but it was kept down, though her voice was unsteady. The new piano had been a birthday gift from her father.

"Better that than part with everything."

"True, my love, I had forgotten."

"We must get time for payment of the balance. If we cannot do that, we must get a loan, and get time for the payment of that. There will be little helps along the way. Mrs. Williams has promised me her two little girls as music scholars, and Emma Mason is engaged to me besides."

Mrs. Pomoroy did not speak directly, but presently she came around where Lily sat, and Lily rose, and the mother laid her cheek on the daughter's sunny head, and they stood in a long embrace, and the silence was broken only by the chirp of canary Dick.

"Have you heard what Susan is going to do now?" asked Uncle George one day, as he came in to dinner, addressing Aunt Sarah.

"Sam was telling me. About taking boarders, you mean?"

"Yes."

"She never can do it in the world. She isn't used to that sort of thing, and she hasn't the faculty. Don't know anything about economy. They might have got along so comfortably, quite according to their usual habits, the way you proposed to them. I should think Lily might persuade her mother out of the idea. Keeping boarders will just make a slave of Lily."

"Pretty girls like Lily," said Cousin Sam, "that entertain company well, and work embroidery, are not your hard-working, useful kind. You needn't be afraid for Lily."

"She had better have accepted Mr. Blenerhasset's situation!" laughed Charlotte.

"What was that?"

"Didn't I tell you? I was over there when he came. It was right after school, and he walked over in dressing-gown and slippers, his bushy hair all on end, the oddest figure you ever beheld. 'Can I see you alone, my dear young lady?' Lily took him into the back parlor, but he spoke so loud I could hear every word. 'Our institution—ah—of which you were so long a most exemplary and ornamental member, I may say—would, my dear young lady, be honored if you would consent to take the superintendence of one of its departments.' He spoke as though he was in turn a hesitating school-boy, and a would-be fluent orator. 'I—ah—have spoken to the trustees, and, in short,

if you would accept the primary department, which, on Andrew Jackson's principle, is a most important one, we would be most happy. We are quite sure our dear juveniles would be "started aright," and we would then—ah—endeavor to put them *ahead!* I will call for your answer to-morrow, if you please,' and he bowed himself out, dressing-gown flying, displaying ink stains by the dozen."

"What a curious old chap he his! What is Lily going to do?"

"She will decline the offer."

"Of course. Girls like Lily are not the style to make themselves useful beyond a certain point. I should hate though, myself, to see Lily mewed up teaching."

Now this was the way Lily stated the matter to Mrs. Pomoroy:

"The boarders will be a great deal more profitable than the teaching, you know, mother. You will need my help, of course, and the music class will take but two days in the week, so that I can be home most of the time, as it is arranged. Mr. Blenerhassett was so kind, though, in offering it, I hated to refuse, and he was so embarrassed, and tried so hard to put it delicately, the dear, old"—and Lily hesitated.

"He is not old, my dear."

"I know it, mother; but then it comes natural to call him so. But I couldn't take the situation, of course," concluded Lily with a faint little sigh, "now that we have the boarders."

It had been an easy matter to fill Mrs. Pomoroy's house. The hospitable home of the old time seemed very inviting to those who had been wont to be entertained there. The minister and wife came and took the guest chamber. Miss Leaventhal, the Academy preceptress, with one of her favorite pupils, had the sunny room that used to be Lily's. Mr. Golding, the owner of the house, whose family had gone on a visit while repairs were being made at home, took a room. Also the new merchant, nephew of Mr. Blenerhassett. The young doctor applied in vain. Mrs. Pomoroy's pleasant chambers, according to present arrangement, would accommodate ten persons, and they were all filled.

"It's 'fairly begun,' as the children say, but I don't know how you will come out!" said Mrs. Pomoroy, who in talking with her daughter always assumed the enterprise as Lily's own, but at that young lady's request, in talking with others always let her remain a silent partner.

"They said my mother had no tact, no faculty," had been Lily's inward comment. "It is not necessary they should know the workings of our little machinery!"

It had, indeed, fairly begun, and "Well begun is half done," responded Lily cheerily. "Isn't this vine handsome?" and she displayed a spray of daintiest embroidery. "Della sent me the pattern, and I think it is exquisite."

"I don't see when you accomplish it all, Lily," said the mother.

"In the early mornings, when I am watching my desserts in the oven, before breakfast, when Hannah has the kitchen so clean and fresh; after school, when Miss Leaventhal wants me to sit with her, and when anybody drops in to sit awhile, you know. It seems to do itself, mother," and she folded away the lovely work in the covered basket, as she noted that it was time to go out to the little music children.

Spring waned to summer, and summer to fall.

"It beats all how comfortably Sarah gets along, and how hopeful she seems to feel," said Uncle George. "She must be largely in debt, though—such a table as she sets."

"They say Mr. Clinton is very attentive to Lily," remarked Charlotte.

"What, that white-handed student of a merchant, Blenerhassett's nephew?"

"He is very polite to all the ladies of the house," said Uncle George, "takes Miss Leaventhal or some of the ladies always with Lily."

"Only a blind," said Cousin Charlotte. "Lily is doing the greatest quantity of needlework. She scarcely takes her eyes off from her work when I'm there, and I never see her doing anything about the house."

"I haven't seen her for some time," said Sam, "till yesterday. Came in on the train with her. She had been out to see Kitty Gleason. Clinton drove down to the depot with Miss Leaventhal to meet her. Lily was looking fresh and crisp, as usual. Guess she don't take much of the care herself."

Of course, Cousin Sam did not hear what Lily was saying to her mother, the night before, during their usual nocturnal chat. "Mr. Gleason said he would send in the strawberry-vines to-morrow, mother, and David is coming to set them for us. I got full directions. Nobody has such success with strawberries as the Gleasons. Fruit of our own will be a great help and saving, and David may as well attend to our currant brush while he is here," and Lily twisted the masses of her fair hair into a shining coil for the night.

"By the way, mother, I was so glad you checked Clara Johnson this evening when Mr. Blenerhassett was here. What if he did tip over that vase, and absently think he was comfortable in that small chair, it was nothing to provoke a smile, to say nothing of good breeding. My dear old teacher."

"My dear, why will you persist in calling him old?"

"It is only a term of endearment, mother. Kate Rhodes and I have always called him so since we used to have such beautiful times in geometry and chemistry. But I never knew how noble he is till Mr. Clinton was telling me something of his history. Mr. Clinton says he owes his own education and business prospects to him entirely. Mr. Blenerhassett has been like an elder brother to him, and we all know how gentle and beautiful he was to poor little Dick. Mr. Clinton spoke so beautiful of him, mother!"

Winter settled down upon the household, and a gay winter it was in Salem. After the day's attention to pupils, cuisine, and needle-work, the sparkling moonlight nights, with their gatherings and sleigh-rides, were most refreshing to Lily.

"Look, there's the young doctor taking out Lily Pomoroy," said Miss Peckham, taking a peep from behind the window-curtain. "See him put down that robe for her to walk across. Dear me, how attentive! Did you see him tuck her up? I wonder whether it's him or Mr. Clinton now that's the favored one. To my certain knowledge Mr. Clinton takes her bouquets most every day."

"A good deal of pains to take this time of year."

"I guess Mr. Blenerhassett would have a word to say about it. They say he's been the making of Mr. Clinton. He's rich as a Jew himself, for all he teaches, and lectures, and writes for dear life. He hoards up like everything. Guess he'd want Clinton to get money with his wife."

"I suppose Blenerhassett would give them something pretty handsome if they should marry. You know he used to set a store by Lily."

"Well, they'd need it—they could spend it. I wouldn't pretend to tell how much Horace said Mr. Clinton's living bill was, and he always looks, you know, as though he'd just stepped out of a band-box. Lily, she's handy with her needle, and she has a few music-scholars, I believe. I suppose she's willing to do what little she can in their straitened cir-

cumstances, but she wouldn't do for a poor man's wife, by any means."

"I wonder, now," returned the other speaker, Miss Peckham's sister, Mrs. Osgood, "how Mrs. Pomoroy is getting along with her boarders. I wonder if she is making a good thing of it. They're the closest-mouthed people; very pleasant always, but you can't get anything out of them, and Hannah, she's lived there so long she's just like them. We shouldn't know anything about it now, if Lily was going to be married to-morrow. She's been making a sight of pretty things, that I know."

Lily was not going to be married to-morrow, however, nor next week, nor next month, for that matter, though Mr. Thomas, editor of *The Express*, had the audacity to tell his wife the day after they took tea at Mr. Pomeroy's, that if he were a young man he would not wait very long before he made endeavor toward such a consummation.

Lily had slipped a roll into his hand while his wife was having a farewell chat with Mrs. Pomoroy.

"I wonder if you could make use of these, Mr. Thomas," she said. "Mother and I look pretty closely to ways and means now, or I would not trouble you with the proposition. Do not let me be known, but examine them at your leisure, please."

Poor Mr. Thomas undid the neat little packet with ominous forebodings, casting, as he did so, a rueful eye at drawer and pigeon-holes full of unused or useless MS. matter. That Lily Pomoroy, "the sweetest girl in the world," had made this request of him, was a fact he would like to have ignored. He had known her all his life—wouldn't refuse her a favor for the world—but why would young ladies take to literary and pecuniary aspirations combined! He could not afford to pay for sonnets and essays. He could supply the Fireside Department quite well enough by scissoring. No doubt, Lily wrote very prettily, but he felt embarrassed by the offer.

Judge of his editorial surprise when, having summoned resolution to enter upon the examination, page after page of clear manuscript treated in clear, trenchant paragraphs of one local matter after another.

This was exactly what he had been wanting to say about the "new bridge." That mention of the new member's speech in Congress was very much to the point, and witty, too. The question of the proposed park was treated aptly, and, in fine, the whole was timely, and must find a place in the next issue. He would

like to fill his paper with just such articles on the everyday questions of the town and county.

The next day Mr. Thomas called to see Lily.

"Will they be of any use to you?" asked Lily, coming to the point directly.

"They are exactly what I want, Miss Lily. The fact is, your ready pen appeals most powerfully to what I must confess as innate laziness in myself; but truth is, that editors in my position are expected to 'make brick without straw.' You ought to try the magazines."

Lily shook her head. "No, I cannot spare the time or study. I can turn a paragraph occasionally about everyday matters I know all about, as I would send a letter to an absent friend in a leisure moment. I did not know but they might chink in somewhere. That is all."

"The compensation would be too small to offer you," said the generous editor. "This is the only reason of my hesitation."

"How much could you afford to pay?"

The sum was hesitatingly named, and delightedly accepted.

"I will send them in at that," said Lily, "and you can pay for such as you use. Every little helps us, Mr. Thomas."

Miss Peckham and Mrs. Osgood, across the way, held frequent consultations, and made various decisions regarding Lily Pomoroy's matrimonial prospects. But one season succeeded another, and Lily rode with one, went to a concert with another, received bouquets from Mr. Clinton, kept company with the piano to the doctor's flute, and all in such a frank, friendly way, that would-be prophets were nonplussed.

By-and-by the name of the new-comer, Jonas Rathburn, manufacturer, began to be linked with Lily's by the gossips, when the elegant new house being built by Mr. Clinton caused a diversion to the old channel of opinion.

"Mr. Clinton may be going to bring some stranger to Salem; but at all events he has paid more attention to Lily Pomoroy than to any other young lady since he came here," said Mrs. Osgood. "Whoever is the mistress of that house, be she Salemite or stranger, she will have the handsomest place in town. Mr. Clinton must have larger means than people thought. Everything used is of the very nicest kind."

"Mr. Clinton," said the minister's wife, "has a great deal of artistic talent. He has turned the situation into capital, to begin with, and has made the most of all natural advantages.

I remember when we had our Christmas-tree at Mrs. Pomoroy's the fine effect was largely due to his arrangement. He has a gift in such directions."

"Mr. Blenerhassett has great interest in the house," continued Mrs. Osgood; "I see him going up there most every day and looking around. He is very fond of his nephew. They seem more like brothers."

"Well," piped up little Miss Gershon, "what makes me sure it's Lily Pomoroy, is that she's getting ready to go to New York, and she's going to have Mr. Clinton's escort when he goes down for goods. The sights of pretty things that girl has been making up for the past year or more is astonishing. She is continually at work at those leaves and vines, and all sorts of finifying. Does it beautifully, too."

And the new house progressed, and Lily Pomoroy, at the exact time set by the gossips, made her journey to New York to visit Aunt Cleaveland. The days seemed winged, and her absence was prolonged, while the mother missed her more and more as the time went by. One offer of escort after another was unimproved, until one bright morning, in the holiday vacation, Mr. Blenerhassett walked into Mrs. Cleaveland's pleasant parlors, and seemed to bring the very atmosphere of Salem with him.

He had come to the city to see his publishers, and was the bearer of sundry packets and messages to Lily, together with the request that if her visit would be concluded at that time, she would bless impatient Salemites by favoring him with her company on his return a week hence.

"What an extraordinary man!" said Mrs. Cleaveland, when he had taken his departure.

"Why so?" asked Lily, with the delicate color mounting like quick flame.

"I cannot analyze," said the lady, "but I have a feeling as though one of the old masters had dropped down upon us from the past. He is so unconventional, so singular, and yet impresses one as being so powerful. I fairly quailed when he looked at me from under his shaggy brows while I was making some insignificant remark to him. Do tell me who and what is he, Lily."

"Why," said Lily Pomoroy, "he is my old teacher! He is the author of 'Revelations of the Rocks,' that entertaining little geological treatise in your library, and I don't know how many other books. He took me through my Academy course, and my year at the Institute afterward was only play in comparison."

"I would infer as much. The last man I should imagine to be a teacher!"

Lily laughed. "He gets absent minded, sometimes, and lets the urchins play, it's true; but his benevolence cannot be content without leading some one over his own favorite paths, and where there is love for study, he is the most enthusiastic of guides. I have seen him get so absorbed in the beauty of a theorem, that time and place were no longer verities to him."

"There is poetry in his nature, too," said Mrs. Cleaveland, looking into Lily's animated face. "One could tell that by the way he took up that hyacinth and held it while he was talking to you—tenderly, as though it were a little flower-child. He has a remarkable head, certainly; but what an odd way he has of running his fingers through his hair. The effect is truly astonishing. And his necktie was actually fastened on one side, my dear."

Lily laughed a little nervously. "I like him all the better for those things," she said.

The lady looked at her in a peculiar manner.

"It makes one feel that if he is among the stars in intellect and goodness, he is not quite independent of common mortals, after all." And Lily took some infinitesimal stitches very carefully, and did not speak again for several minutes.

In early spring, when the robins came and the buds were swelling, and there was an undertone of secret gladness in everything, there was a wedding in Salem that electrified the whole town. Everybody knew Lily Pomoroy, and Mr. Clinton had become a popular man in the community. Hence, Saint Paul's church was packed to overflowing with expectant friends and acquaintances.

"I guess Lily Pomoroy has received about as much attention as any young lady," said one to another; "but I don't believe it can be said she ever jilted anybody."

"I don't think anybody ever heard it charged upon her," was the reply. "She has the rare art of being truly friendly with all, and of delicately giving them to feel the exact limits of her regard. There are few young ladies as attractive with as clear a record as hers."

There were several flutters of false expectation, and then every eye was fixed upon the advancing bridal party.

"There never was a prettier bride!" said the old ladies; and "Isn't she lovely!" was the exclamatory hum of the young ones, as Lily, sweet and pure as one of her fair floral sisters

of the same name, came up the aisle on Uncle George's arm, with a bevy of fair maidens in train.

"I don't see Mr. Clinton," said old Mrs. Riverton. "He ain't in the right place, certain. Bless my soul, Martha! Why, you don't say! 'Tain't Mr. Blenerhasset, now! Well, if that don't beat me! My sakes alive!" as, the last of the organ notes vibrating through the arches, the tall preceptor, in white vest and unexceptionable kids, his hair reduced to conventional limits, stood to receive the bride with a look of ineffable peace and serene joy, solemnizing to any beholder that could understand it.

Sympathizing looks of surprise and exclamation were exchanged on every hand, and when, the ceremony over, the last of the bridal cortège had passed out, there was a perfect volley of suppressed expression ready to break forth. "Who would have thought it?" and "Did you ever?" were reiterated on every side.

"Well," said Cousin Sam next day, "I don't wonder the majority of the people were surprised. I don't know when I've been more astonished than I was two weeks ago, when Lil told me how the matter really stood."

"And to think," said Cousin Charlotte, "that they've been engaged a year and a half; and Lily wouldn't be married till she could leave her mother with a home of her own, and Harry earning something. So strange that nobody suspected it! It is very convenient to have a nephew!"

"To send bouquets by, and to call upon at his boarding-place and get to superintend house-building," added Sam.

"Mr. Blenerhassett planned everything, though," said Aunt Sarah.

"And beautifully he has done it," said Charlotte. "Lily must be happy to think she has left her mother so nicely provided for and out of debt."

"I never would have believed Susan had so much management," said Uncle George. "Her success is certainly surprising. To keep things up as she has done, afford such servants, clothe her family, and buy her house out and out, I don't understand it!"

"You don't know, then, what Lily did?"

"Oh! Lily helped herself some with music-scholars, I know. Very well so far as it went, but couldn't amount to much."

"And that is all you know about it? I wish you could have heard Hannah go on last night!"

"What did Hannah say?"

"Why, after they got away she came to me.

'You're one of the family, and I'd like to ask you, if I might, if you'd just go in and right up Miss Lily's room. Her old room. Miss Leaventhal had awhile. It 'ud try Mrs. Pomoroy awful to do it, I know, and I aint fit.'

"Certainly, Hannah," I said, "if you're sure auntie would like it."

"I went at once, and she followed me, and stood by the door and talked.

"O Miss Charlotte! I know she's only gone to Philadelphia and Washington, and the rest of the places, but it seems just as though she never was a-coming back—so it does. It seems awful in here. So many times Miss Lily used to say to me—"Hannah, when you come upstairs, you come into my room, and we'll talk over breakfast a little." I'd a-most allus find her a ritin away on them papers she used to get ready for Mr. Thomas's boy. Ritin didn't hurt her eyes in the night, she said, and needlework did. But she'd stop just as pleasant. "I'm a-going to make the jelly in the morning," she'd say, or pickle the oysters, or put up the jam. "I'm going to do halves for us and for Mr. Ferrin," and Hannah threw her apron right over her head, and began to cry—"I can't help it one bit, Miss Charlotte," she would say—"I know she's mighty happy, but it seems just as though she was dead, O dear! And she was allus so pleasant about everything. Her mother used to say, "You can't do so much, Lily," and she'd say—"Justas well much as little, that's my way, mother, you know." And she'd allus say, "You forgit, mother, how well I am—never feel an ache or pain. Work won't hurt me." I ain't much of a talker or'narily, Miss Charlotte, but you're one of the family, and I can't say a word to her mother. I spec we'd both git a cryin."

"It seems," said Charlotte, dropping Hannah's story, "that Lily has done the canning of fruits and jellies for the Ferrin Brothers, and made a very handsome money transaction out of it, too. Did it all before breakfast, with her desserts and cakes. Then that embroidery she was always doing, I found out, by an allusion in one of Sid Campbell's letters, was done for a New York store. Kitty Cleaveland took a quantity before her marriage; one handkerchief alone, she said, could not have been bought in the city for less than twenty-five dollars. When Kitty had got her supply, Sid made this engagement for Lily with the store. Her receipts in that way must have been quite an item. You know Lil was always at it, early and late."

"Then that strawberry-bed," spoke Aunt

Sarah—"Harry told me Lily started it, and got him to pack and send the fruit to market. The proceeds of that counted by hundreds. She called it 'Harry's speculation.' I think it was her's quite as much."

"Anything else?" said Sam, in a tone of resignation, and tipping his chair back in an ugly way Charlotte could not break him of.

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah. "Mrs. Thomas told me Lily had written half the editorials for *The Express* the past two years. She said she supposed it was no secret in the family. Mr. Thomas told her he couldn't afford much for them, but she accepted the trifle on the principle that 'every little helped.'"

"A shrewd girl, my niece!" said Uncle George.

Sam laughed. "Thomas looked blank," said he, "at the wedding. Said he to me, afterward—'Well, maybe I shall like it better by-and-by. Blenerhasset's a man of weight. He's profound, and he adores Lily. He has got every sense under the sun but common sense, and Lily's got enough of that for both of them, and some to spare then.' Well, well," and Sam brought his chair down to a level, and rose to his feet, "I had no idea Lily was doing all that. I suppose, to draw a conclusion now, that a great six-footer like me ought to be of some more use than he is to the household or community."

"Ah! but," said Charlotte, "you know what the beggar said to Napoleon!"

Just now, while I was writing, Lily Blenerhasset stopped in her pretty little carriage before the door. She was looking remarkably lovely in her fresh little hat, sacque, and driving-gloves.

"Do give me your company," she said to Cousin Charlotte. "Mr. Blenerhasset has gone to Raleigh to be gone two days. I'm like a child about it, I know, but I never can be content to sit down and apply myself to any purpose in his absence. If I know he may come in at any moment, why, I am happy in a kind of quiet expectancy, but I want you for a good, long drive to-day. Ladybird is feeling finely," and she looked out at the graceful little brown pony which, with the low, easy carriage, had been a recent present from her husband, and laughed and chatted while Charlotte was getting her things.

"Lily is happy as a bird, and did you ever see any one improve so much as Mr. Blenerhasset has since his marriage?" said Aunt Sarah

when they were gone. "He is really quite social, and acts like other people. Any one can see that Lily is as happy as the day is long."

"The little flower!" said I, as with a bright

smile she nodded us good-morning. "I never would have thought she would have done as she has, though."

"Nor would anybody else, for that matter!" said Aunt Sarah.

## THE DRUIDS.

BY C. C.

WHEN the Romans invaded Britain, they found the Druids not only presiding over, and conducting the worship of the country, but also acting as judges and arbiters in all differences and disputes, both public and private. It was from Cæsar, and other Roman writers, that most of the information respecting them is derived, for they had no written laws or regulations either as to their religion, their science, or their government. The accounts of these historians of the religion and customs of the Druids, written principally from mere report, and under a hostile impression toward them, are not to be implicitly relied on, and many of the barbarities ascribed to them, in the ceremonials of their religion, are so much at variance with their high and acknowledged character in learning and general science, that it is probable they are greatly exaggerated, if not altogether fabulous. The best authorities respecting the Druids agree that they were the first and most distinguished order of people among both the Gauls and Britons, and chosen from the best families; that the honors of their birth, with those of their function, procured them the highest veneration among the people. They were versed in astrology, geometry, natural philosophy, politics, and geography; they were the interpreters of religion, and judges of all affairs in their community; they were the instructors of the youth, but taught by memory, and never allowed their instructions to be written. The garments of the Druids were remarkably long, and they wore a white surplice when employed in religious ceremonies. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and worshipped one Supreme Being. All their great solemnities, both sacred and civil, were regulated by the age and aspect of the moon. In medicine they were proficients, and possessed a great store of knowledge in all sciences. The Romans on their invasion sought

to exterminate the Druids, but they could not induce the natives to adopt their system of polytheism. The seeds of their ancient religion were implanted in their minds, which, however, gave a ready access to the doctrines of Christianity, for these, from the first, made great progress in Britain and Gaul. Of this old patriarchal religion all that remains are the stone temples, which are in an imperfect state. They are all in a circular form, which was supposed to be emblematic of the Deity. There is one on the summit of a bold and commanding eminence near Keswick, a situation so wild, vast, and beautiful, that it has impressed a solemn feeling on all visitors, its profound solitude, greatness, and awful wilderness make it severely grand; it is called Castle-Rigg, and is the centre point of three valleys. Many of these round temples or towers are scattered over the country. Many forms of religion have been abandoned, and the time will no doubt arrive when rites and ceremonies now venerated will become like Druid's temples, a mere theme for the antiquary. But time rolls his ceaseless course, bearing on his wings the lessons of divine truth. May all heed those lessons, and do the good they teach.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

## PICTURES IN OUR ROOMS.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them, for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres.

# I F.

## A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

### CHAPTER III.

BURNSHIRE was startled next day by the arrest, upon his own confession, of Geoffrey St. John, for the murder of Giles Parrish.

The story ran in this wise:

St. John had been on an errand to some of the humbler creditors of the defaulting company, making over to them, in the rush of his impulsive sympathy, the personal effects which he scorned the law's leave to retain, and returning in the dark and rainy twilight, had met upon the river bank, a little out of town, this man, Giles Parrish, whose love of money had excluded the desire for family ties, and whose recent considerable loss had shaken and unstrung him as much as the loss of a dearly cherished friend would have shaken and unstrung a man of more human affections.

St. John, with the sincere pity and regret that he felt for all who had suffered by the late unhappy failure, had stopped in the drizzling rain to speak with him, bearing with patience the harsh, vindictive language called forth by his expressions of sorrow, trying with softness to turn away wrath, until one bold, broad innuendo against his honor fired his never-too-cool blood with sudden passion.

"I tell you, I don't believe it," Giles Parrish had vociferated in response to St. John's humble repetition—"I'm sorry for it, Giles. Heaven knows I would have borne the shock for you if I could."

"I tell you I don't believe it. It's hypocrisy for the like of you to palaver with pretended pity over a misfortune that you're fattening on."

"Man, what do you mean?" St. John had demanded sternly, stepping up to him and laying a hand on his shoulder.

"I mean—take your hand off me, you hypocritical knave! I mean that you and your scoundrel crew have reaped a rich profit from this failure that you are so melancholy over, and have feathered your nests finely with honest men's money," retorted the other, in language not so refined as to be ambiguous.

St. John was not certain what he did—his anger was at white heat, and he was insane for the moment—but he supposed he must have dealt the man a heavy blow, for he staggered

back a few paces, and fell with a dull splash into the river, to whose brink they had been, in their excited colloquy, unconsciously approaching.

The sound quenched his wrath as water quenches fire. Without an instant's deliberation, with the same mad, impulsive haste that had characterized the first action, he leaped into the river after his victim, whose life he was ready to save at the cost of his own, beating about in the darkness among the swift-rolling waves, beckoned here by a dash of foam that looked like a pallid face, catching there at some dark, indistinct body, that proved but mocking drift-wood; darting yonder, where some gurgle and motion of the water seemed to indicate the object of his search; swimming desperately after sounds and shadows, until, thoroughly beaten out and almost ready to sink, he was warned by the instinct of self-preservation to strike for the shore, reaching it he scarcely knew how, with his fast-failing strength, which was utterly spent in the struggle to drag himself up the bank. How long he lay there, in a state of exhaustion and semi-unconsciousness, with the water still lapping his feet like the tongue of a hungry beast, he could not tell; but he thought it must have been several hours, for when, at last, after repeated effort, he stood up and looked about him, it was thick night; and as he walked slowly and feebly toward the town, he found the streets silent and deserted, the houses mostly closed and darkened.

There was no life to save now, but there was one to give, and he went forward with the vague intent to rouse the officers of law, and yield himself a prisoner; but the longing to look once more in the faces of his friends before the knowledge of his crime should overshadow them with horror, the desire to feel himself yet a few hours longer a free man, overcame his half-formed resolution, and he bent his steps sadly toward home, thanking God, for once, that there was no little child there to bear his name and suffer for his sin. He asked only this brief respite—justice should be satisfied on the morrow.

But the morrow found him prisoner to a low fever—the result of the evening's exposure and

excitement, and two or three days passed before he was able to quit the house. During that time the rumor of Giles Parrish's sudden disappearance came to him with various conjectures and ventured explanations, which showed how far removed he was from suspicion of any connection with the singular circumstance; and the temptation to bury the secret in eternal silence beset him so strongly that he had actually, in his growing horror of the consequences, yielded so far as to abandon the intention of any present confession, accepting with much thankfulness a situation which seemed to favor only secrecy.

What had led him to reject the protection of silence, and return to his first resolve he did not say, and when questioned upon that point, he had answered evasively that there was only one person in the world whom it concerned to know, and the questioner was not that person.

This was the story, and it did not lack corroboration, incredible as it at first appeared.

A solitary old woman, living in a deserted toll-house near the place of encounter, when put upon oath, testified reluctantly that, on the evening in question, she had heard voices in altercation, one violent and denunciatory, the other earnest and remonstrative, and, stepping out the door, she had seen in the indistinct light two men standing on the river bank, and had fancied that she recognized in one of them the straight, arrowy figure of St. John, whom she recollects seeing pass late in the afternoon. The coarse, abusive language which came to her ears, coupled with his name, convinced her that she had not mistaken the person, and she confessed that her own blood had boiled at the insulting epithets applied to him, and that she had felt a quick sympathy with the arm suddenly leaping in swift vengeance at the lying accuser; but she was frightened when she saw the man reeling back, and heard the ominous splash in the water, and, without daring another glance in the direction, she had run in hastily and closed the door, trying to hear no sounds, and resolving, let what would come, to know nothing about the affair, and never to bear witness against Geoffrey St. John, who had won her everlasting gratitude and approbation by the rendering of some legal service for which he would accept no compensation.

All this, however, did not convict St. John of the *murder* of Giles Parrish, for whose body the river was dragged vainly. Either the rapid current, swollen by spring rains, had borne it to the sea, or by some miracle too improbable for

belief he had escaped the flood and was yet alive. A mere suggestion, this latter, no one being wild enough to entertain so irrational an opinion.

It was near midsummer, and after the search was given up, that, quite by accident, a body was discovered caught and partially concealed among the drift in a little inlet a long distance below Burnshire; and though in process of decomposition the face had become unrecognizable, there were general features of resemblance in form, height, and clothing, by which it was readily identified as the body of Giles Parrish.

St. John, newly tried, was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. There was a strong manifestation of public sympathy for the unfortunate man, who, though he had many bitter enemies, had more warm and earnest friends, with whom his nobler qualities far outweighed his faults, and who would have left no means untried to obtain his acquittal; but the case was so clear, and the rule so plain, there seemed no appeal from the decision. As for St. John himself, he accepted his sentence with resignation and entire composure, as the inevitable consequence of the action into which his passion had betrayed him, and the kind-hearted, sympathizing friends who went to console with him, found him contemplating his maddening doom with more serenity and cheerfulness than they themselves could do.

It was the day before his removal to the prison, where he was to expiate by life-long servitude the unpremeditated act of a moment, that Carlotta, undeterred in the solemn present by the doubts and scruples of the past, obeying simply the unerring impulse of her heart, went, among others, to bid him a last friendly farewell. Should I frame some apology for her as if I feared you might think the action wrong? I do not.

She had not attended the trial, and had never seen St. John since that night when she turned from him at her own gate, with the parting injunction to seek the sympathy and counsel that he asked of the woman who was pledged by the most solemn promises to stand by him through good and evil, and to comfort him in his hour of need, but who, now that that hour was come, had nothing but reproaches to give him—no pitying, sorrowing love, only maddening lamentations that he had brought such disgrace upon her.

He went forward as the door opened to admit Carlotta to his cell, bowing low and reverently, but without presuming to touch her hand.

"It is kind of you to come, old friend," he said, placing a chair for her, but remaining standing himself, as if he felt unworthy to sit in her presence. "I thought you might shrink from me."

"Is the fruit so much more shocking than the germ?" she asked gently.

"Well, it is accounted so. People with whom I was *hail-fellow* when I had only a murderer's heart, now that I have also a murderer's hand gape at me in horror, and stand back as if a great gulf had opened between us. It must be that the deed is more shocking than the will to do. I am myself more horrified by it. It seems incredible that I, Geoffrey St. John, could have done such a thing, and, thinking of it, I doubt sometimes my own identity. I wake in the night from dreams of the long ago—my sleep is full of such dreams of late—and they alone seem real, and the shuddering recollection of what I am, sweeping suddenly across me, is the frightful nightmare from which I strive to escape. I remember how I used to feel that the man who had lifted his hand against another's life was beyond the humanizing touch of love and sympathy—a hardened, desperate wretch, whom to put out of the reach and peril of temptation was the highest mercy and the only safety. I never suspected that I had anything in kind with such—that those swift, fatal heats of anger could ever culminate in crime. John, the beloved, spake the truth when he said, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' But, Carlotta, if I live a thousand years I can never be angry again. My passion consumed itself in that mad, destroying flame, and no breath of man or woman born can ever revive it. What I have suffered has made me patient to endure all things, even the living death to which I am condemned."

She had gone there, Carlotta Castleton, with a few calm, friendly words in her thought which she meant to project into the dead, aimless future of the prisoner when he would have only memories for company and solace; but she sat with her lesson all forgotten, the slow tears dropping over her face, and falling on her helplessly folded hands. She essayed to check them now, and to remember what she had come to say.

St. John looked at her. "Let them flow, Carlotta," he said. "They are better than speech. They relieve me of some hardness and heaviness of heart which words do not touch. People have come here to reproach and revile me, to lament over me, to console

me, to strengthen me, and to pray for me; but no one has come here to weep—such tears as an angel might weep over my lost, fallen estate. No doubt you had some brave, inspiring words in your thought for me, but your heart knows that your pity and sorrow go farther toward reconciling me to my fate than any conned phrases of the tongue. I have wondered what you felt, whether you had any sympathy for me, any charity, any interest, even; and if I had not feared you would shudder to approach me, I should have sent for you to come. I did send an intense, pleading prayer."

"I heard your messenger, and came," she answered simply.

"Heaven bless you, Carlotta," he said in a voice strangely shaken. "I thought once you sent such a messenger to me. It was that night when, sorely against your will, I walked with you to your gate, and asked you to let me tell you this story of crime, whose secret pressure on heart and brain was slowly maddening me. Somehow I felt, in my desperate strait, that only in you could I confide, only on your advice could I act. You remember how you answered me—a proper answer, such as you had right to give. I did not blame you, for you could not know what heartless mockery there was in it. I walked on recklessly, feeling as if God Himself had forsaken me, feeling as if I were of no more worth in the world, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot like salt that hath lost its savor; and I did not notice whither my feet were tending until I came, drawn by some shuddering attraction, to the spot where that swift flame of wrath and hate had wrought such fatal consequences. All night I walked up and down beside the river, seized at moments with the desperate purpose to leap into the rolling flood and drag my sin and trouble, which I knew not what to do with here, into the light of the spiritual life; but a hand held me back—your hand, Carlotta Castleton—and a voice that I would know among ten thousand urged me to confess manfully to the world the deed I had done, and leave with God the issue. I could have sworn that you came to me that night with warning and entreaty, for I saw you as plainly as I see you now, heard you speak, felt the pressure of your hand upon my arm; yet, when I attempted to grasp it, I found it as impalpable as a shadow, and when I would have detained you, you vanished like a sun ray behind a cloud, leaving me desolate, yet strangely strengthened and uplifted. How was this, Carlotta?"

"I will tell you," she said quietly. "I knew

that you were in deep trouble, and I thought of you intently that night after we parted, some conception of the truth bearing in upon me, and shadowing forth dimly the temptation which assailed you. I did not know whether I had done right or wrong in refusing your confidence, but I did know that my intent was right, and so I had assurance to carry the matter straight to God, and ask help of Him. Our influence has an extension beyond word or presence. Spirit acts upon spirit not only through but over matter, and our intense desire for the good of our friend—or our enemy—affects him none the less strongly because he is not conscious of it. Prayer is an electric telegraph between souls, and the wish transmitted becomes the inspiration. I have great faith in prayer, not that it moves the Infinite and Eternal Power, but that it brings us into closer sympathy and union with that Power and with each other. Prayer for a soul astray is like an invisible oar dropped in beside a wandering boat to head it toward the heavenly port. The divine life, stirred and deeply shaken in one heart by strong aspirations and longings unutterable, may vibrate in right impulse and resolution in another. We think, we desire, we pray, and our signal flashes along the electric chain that links us in a common brotherhood until it reaches the one whom it is meant to move, and then, if sense be not too gross to receive the impression, it becomes a sudden inspiration whose source, as is best, is seldom recognized."

"And you prayed for me that night?" St. John said in a hushed, reverent voice.

"Earnestly, until the morning. It was all that I could do."

"It was a great deal. You saved me from self-destruction. But"—St. John paused and looked at her with troubled, questioning eyes. "Ah Carlotta! if years ago you had chosen to exercise the power delegated to you, I never should have done the deed I did, nor become the man I am."

She had feared that any allusion to the past would move her more deeply than it ought—that any implied reproach or regret might hurry her into some unwarrantable betrayal of feeling; but she found herself, as any woman of right motives and true principle would, standing firm as a rock against the shock, her heart beating evenly, her thought free and clear, her eyes meeting his unfalteringly. Not for a moment could she forget or overlook his relations with another; and in that last hour, heavy with the shadow of his awful doom, she

could no more have permitted him to speak a word disloyal to the woman he had called his wife, than she could herself have uttered it. Her fine instinct of honor gave quick warning of any approach toward dangerous ground.

"I did not come here to talk of years ago," she said with gentle dignity. "The past is dead and irretrievable; its mistakes, its failures, whatever they were, do not concern us now. It is with the present and the future that we have to do. As your friend, I could not suffer you to go away to your long atonement without some expression of the sympathy that I feel for you in this day of darkness, whose trial I firmly believe will, in some way known to God, be made subservient to good. As a friend, also, I wished to tell you that if it will relieve any the maddening monotony of your punishment to remember that I cherish no bitterness toward you, that I shall always think kindly of you, and pray for you as for a brother in your dreary banishment, I would like you to know it, and to reap what comfort you can from the knowledge. But chiefly I wished to say to you that it will depend greatly on yourself whether you gather fruit golden or ashen from your hard sentence. Do not look upon the deprivation of your liberty wholly as the penalty of your crime. It is that, but much more than that. God is not so prodigal of suffering as to leave it but one use to serve. There is always an end higher than the apparent one to which it may minister. The pain that follows surely the violation of physical laws, serves but half its use, and that the lowest, if it does not refine, and strengthen, and elevate the spirit, make it more reverent, patient, charitable, and Christ-like. So this suffering of yours, Geoffrey, will fail of its purpose if you regard it solely as a punishment to be stolidly endured, and not more as a school wherein you are to learn the lessons of a diviner life."

St. John was listening intently, his eyes bent reverently on her face, which was much finer and purer than in the old days when he had dared to touch it with his lips.

"Go on, Carlotta," he said as she paused, doubtful of the effect of her words. "You are giving me thought and impulse for future years."

But I have not space to report to you all of that morning's quiet talk. I have repeated enough to show you its tenor. The interview was not a protracted one. At the expiration of half an hour, the turnkey, as she had ordered, came to show Carlotta out, and she

parted with the prisoner as friends part who never hope to meet on earth again.

And the day following, St. John, manacled and strongly guarded, was transferred to the living tomb, from which he looked for release only at the call of death.

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Summer waned, and the autumn splendors blazed like auroral lights again over the Burnshire hills.

Paul Hermann was failing rapidly. He still made a pretence of attending to his classes on days when his strength would sustain him. When he could not do this, he would yet insist on going through the usual routine of rising, dressing, walking, and sitting at the table. People said, seeing his shadowy, spectral figure moving about, that he would breathe his last upon his feet and in the harness.

I would not wish any sentimental reader to conclude that the professor was dying of unrequited love. I don't think men often die from such causes. Do they ever? If Shakespeare's Rosalind may be quoted as authority, "The poor old world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there has not any man died, in his own person, in a love cause. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." I suppose, if Paul Hermann had never met Carlotta, the hour which no man knoweth would have come to him just as soon.

There had been several days of heavy, oppressive weather—clouds hanging low, and rain dripping sullenly, until human spirits began to droop and sour under Nature's subtle influence.

Suddenly, one morning—Sabbath morning—the clouds lifted, and the sun soared up in golden splendor, touching the parting fragments of mist with rose and silver as they rolled away, leaving the air so clear, and pure, and etherealized, that the eye, gazing into the vast, infinite space in which there was no appearance of that azure wall we call the sky, could almost scan the habitations of angels.

Carlotta was walking down the flower-bordered alley of her garden, lifting up her asters crushed by the long rain, clearing her verbenas of dead leaves, and bending in a kind of rapture over her royal pansies, with their gold and purple robes gemmed with brilliants, when a carriage stopped at her gate, and, setting down the professor, turned and drove back to town.

She hurried to meet her friend with warm welcome, mingled with tender reproof as she noted with quick glance the change that had come over him since she saw him last.

"It was presumptuous in you to come out to-day, Paul. You ought to have sent for me," she said, alarmed by his ghastly look and tottering step. "Here, take my arm. I am too glad to see you to scold you as you deserve."

"Don't blame me, Lotta," he whispered, availing himself of her proffered support. "I wanted to die quietly. I would like to drift out of the world without being tortured with bottles of hot water at my feet, swathes of hot flannel about my body, spoonfuls of cordial poured down my throat, a doctor to count my pulse, a priest to pray for my soul, and a crowd of curious gazers tip-toeing about my bed with sepulchral whispers concerning my looks and the probable length of time I will hold out. One wants to pass one's last hours on earth in a serene, cheerful atmosphere, undisturbed by tears, and groans, and useless vulgar offices. There—rest a moment, dear. I am leaning on your strength too heavily."

"No, Paul, my dear brother," Carlotta said, struggling to overcome the sudden weakness which made her tremble under his light weight. For months she had been anticipating this hour, but, now that it had come, she was deeply shaken, as, in spite of our philosophy, we all are in view of the mysterious change awaiting those we love—a change of whose glory we talk, but whose shadow only we feel.

Perceiving her agitation, the professor endeavored to support himself, as far as he could, in their passage to the house, but the effort was too great for him; and as he sank upon the sofa in her cheerful, sunshiny parlor, an ashy pallor overspread his face, his eyes glazed, his features grew pinched, and the handkerchief which he feebly pressed to his mouth was saturated with blood.

Carlotta knelt down beside him, arranged the pillows for his head, wiped the purple stain from his lips, and gently chafed his hands; but the marble face, with its closed eyes, lying back among the crimson cushions, looked so like the face of the dead, that she scarcely dared to hope it would ever beam on her again with the old love-light and intelligence.

For an hour she watched beside him, doubtful at moments whether she watched with the living or the dead. Her entire household was absent that day, as usually happened on the Sabbath, and a deep, unbroken stillness reigned in the cottage, as in the world without—that profound autumn stillness wherein, in the hush of earthly sounds, one listens to catch some echo of the life beyond.

The golden noonday sun, filtering through

the trailing flower-screen of the southern window, shimmered over the reclining head like the halo of a saint, and touched magnetically the white, sculptured face on the pillows.

Carlotta felt a faint thrill in the hand she held, and the sealed eyes she was watching suddenly unclosed and looked wonderingly into hers.

"Brother Paul," she murmured, in the tender rapture of one whose dead is given back.

"Lotta," breathed the pallid lips, and instantly her ear was bent to catch the faltering words. "I seemed, just now, in a vast waste and solitude, forsaken and desolate, and there came to me one like you, and yet unlike you, more beautiful even, more angelic, nearer, and more truly mine, and she called me by a name that is not in our speech, sweeter and tenderer than Beloved, which drew my soul to hers, and swept me up to heaven."

"The spirit-bride, no doubt, for whom you would have mistaken me," Carlotta whispered.

His eyelids drooped heavily, and she thought he was lapsing again into insensibility to worldly things; but presently she found him looking at her earnestly, his lips moving with some inaudible words. She bent her head.

"Who told you, Lotta?"

"I don't know. It may have been she whom you saw. It came to me like inspiration, one day—the thought that you might love mistakenly one who bore some faint resemblance to the nature created to perfect and blend with yours in an eternal union. We so often grasp the shadow for the substance here, but in the life so soon to be yours, dear Paul, we shall see more clearly."

"I see already, upon its border, child," he murmured, "that the worship of the shadow has brought me closer to the substance."

The effort to talk was too great for him, the extraordinary exertion of the morning seeming to have drained completely his remaining physical forces, and he sank again from utter exhaustion and weakness, the shadow of death gathering more closely over the still, set face and prostrate form.

Slowly and painfully the mysterious work of separation went on, paroxysms of agony in which the soul seemed fighting to break and escape some last, shackling link of its dissolving fetters, alternating with dead, breathless calms, in which, the struggle ended, the temple of clay, ruined and broken, seemed deserted and tenantless forever more. A strange, solemn day to Carlotta, lonely watcher with a spirit vacillating like a pendulum between two worlds,

sweeping at moments beyond the reaches of human thought and comprehension, and coming back with visions of things utterable.

Toward night, footstep and sounds about the house announced the return of some of its occupants, and the housekeeper's tap at the parlor door presently brought to Carlotta a vague, bewildered sense of something required of her. Could it be that the gross machinery of living, with its round of cooking, eating, and drinking, must go on just the same while the solemn majesty and mystery of death brooded over the house?

Again the knock sounded on the door. She rose and went toward it. It would not do to say that Professor Hermann was dying, it would not do to let the woman see his strangely transfigured face; instantly there would be outcry and lament, a hurrying to and fro, a frightened summoning of neighbors and physician, an excited rush for restoratives, and the peace and quiet he had come to her to secure would be invaded and destroyed. It should not be. She would respect his wish to the last.

She opened the door and stepped out into the passage with some low-voiced order, returning in a moment to her post. The dying man's hand groped weakly for hers. "I cannot see you, Lotta," he murmured. "It is growing very dark."

She walked to the west window, threw open shutters and sash, letting in the full glory of the setting sun.

Still the dying one complained that it was dark, and she was so far away.

She knelt down beside him, slipped her arm beneath his head, and laid her cheek to his. And so, without a struggle, his soul drifted over the twilight borders of earth into the morning of eternal life, drawing by the strong power of sympathy the spirit of the faithful watcher, who felt herself, like the disciple of old, caught up into paradise, and heard words unspeakable, which mortal tongue hath no knowledge to utter.

How long she remained in this half ecstatic, half painful trance, she could not tell. When she came back to her earthly life she found the day departed, and through the open window the young moon looked in with pale, low, melancholy light.

She laid her ear on her brother's heart. It was still. She loosed her hand from the close, rigid clasp of his, and swept it softly over his face. It was icy cold.

Dead. But the old chill and terror had dropped out of the word.

She rose from her knees and walked down the moonlit-path to the window, stretched out her hands into the silent night, and with uplifted eyes stood a moment in wordless prayer. Then with remembrance of the sad offices to be performed for the dead, she turned quietly, and with a last, lingering, reverent look at the unconscious clay, passed from the room. In the hall, one of her pupils, and his, hovering about the door, sprang to her side with breathless exclamation—"Tell me quickly, dear Carlotta, how is the good professor?"

"Better," she answered softly, and they moved on together to the music-room, where were gathered her returned boarders with two or three of their friends, among them a young divinity student, who was giving point to some theological discussion into which he had led them by reading aloud in his impressive manner the touching story of Lazarus's death and resurrection.

Carlotta, gliding in unperceived, stood by his side, listening intently, with head bent, and hands folded on the table before her.

When he had concluded, she leaned forward with unconscious pathos in her gesture, and in a low, tender, solemn voice that thrilled them all like an echo from the other world, repeated—*"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."*

They turned and looked at her, and every heart understood.

But there was no outcry, no noisy demonstration of grief, such as he would have shunned, and after a moment's hush, in which the calm of Carlotta's spirit seemed to have penetrated to theirs, they rose, and went silently in together where their beloved professor lay, and amid softly flowing tears and murmured remembrances of his goodness, their young hands, untrained to such offices, but taught by affection, reverently composed the sleeper for his burial.

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Five years later, Carlotta, coming out of the private entrance to Burnshire Cemetery, whither she had been to lay her memorial of immortelles on the professor's richly blooming grave, was met by a young friend hurrying toward her in breathless excitement, her eyes large with the wonder of the story she had to tell—"Carlotta Castleton," she panted, "the strangest thing has happened. Giles Parrish has come back, I found when you were gone, and ran hither in haste to bring you the tidings."

Were heaven and earth coming together? She threw up her hands, and gasped for breath,

staggering for support against the iron gate she had just passed.

"What—what was it that you said?" she faltered. "Am I dreaming?"

"Giles Parrish has come back! Do you hear? Giles Parrish has come back alive and well, and St. John is not a murderer," reiterated the girl in joyful excitement. "Mercy! are you going to faint? I thought you would be glad."

There must be some mistake. It was too like the improbable incidents of fiction to be believed. And the sharp prick of doubt alone enabled her to retain her senses under this sudden shock of joy.

Nevertheless, incredible as the fact at first appeared, Giles Parrish had come back, not from the dead, but from the wild, wandering life which he had led since that twilight encounter with St. John, by the river, nearly six years before.

How had he escaped? was the universal question. Easily answered. Simply stunned by the blow he had received, his backward plunge in the water had restored him speedily to consciousness, and being a powerful and experienced swimmer, he had regained the shore without difficulty, while St. John, imagining that the current, swift and strong, must be bearing his victim rapidly downward from the point where he had disappeared, was vainly buffeting the stream far below.

Burning with malice and revenge, as he confessed, the fiendish thought had occurred to Giles Parrish to let his assailant believe he had perished in the flood, and suffer, at least, the pangs of a guilty conscience for his death; and having no ties to hold him to any place, and all the valuables he possessed being about his person, he had hastily decamped, concealing his identity through these years under an assumed name, leaving conjecture, in the absence of any evidence of his escape, to fasten, as we have seen, on the unrecognizable body of a hapless suicide, whose story, having no connection with this, it is not necessary to recount.

And so, not to linger over the method of this man's repentance, which is nothing to us beyond its results, St. John, the victim, instead of the victimizer, released from his unjust punishment, came home, bowed and broken in health, with his close-shorn locks whitened with frost that was not of years; and yet with a certain power and majesty of presence that gave a vivid impression of the man's innate dignity and nobleness of character which even

the degradations of prison life could not lower or tarnish, whose growth they had not served to check, but had rather seemed to promote, the strongest natures, often, from sheer revolt, developing the richest graces in an atmosphere of evil.

Came home, I said. That is rather a figure of speech. In point of fact, beyond the warm welcome of friends and acquaintances, each one of whom had closer interests and fellowships, there was nothing of the heart-cheer and comfort, the rapture and thanksgiving, that should have attended such a return; there was no heart all his own to be blest above measure by his coming, and failing that, in the true significance of the term, he felt there was no such thing for him as "coming home."

Death and change in his absence had scattered his family through heaven and earth, and the woman who had solemnly promised before God to take him for better or worse, and, forsaking all others, to cleave only unto him so long as they both should live, had accepted without demur the freedom which the law, on the ground of his supposed crime, gave her, and had pledged herself by the same solemn vows to another in a union over which the same minister of Gospel had pronounced the same words wherewith he had sanctified the first—"What God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

Said a friend, commenting on the fact—"The wording of the marriage covenant needs revising."

"Or is it the hearts of the covenanters?" queried St. John.

But the vacancy in his life seemed to be filled by his profession, to which he at once devoted himself with an energy surpassing that of his youth, and vividly contrasting with the reckless, aimless effort of later years, when success or failure were alike indifferent to him. Something more than the promise which had flattered his friends in the beginning of his professional career was realized at last. There may have been fewer flashes of brilliancy than of old, but there was steadier aim, and a relentless force and earnestness which made his name a synonym for power and conquest, and brought for his advocacy the cause of the weak and oppressed, whose faith in him he never failed to justify.

During these months of self-redemption, chance favored him with no interview with Carlotta, and he was far too proud to seek it until he had in some measure wrought out his salvation. But this could not go on forever.

The requirements of honor might be stern, but the appeal of the heart was strong, and moved by memories and aspirations, the close of a summer day through which her image had haunted him incessantly, found St. John bending his steps resolutely in the direction of Carlotta's cottage.

She was sitting on the veranda in the purple gloaming, tracing with absent eye the darkening outline of the hills against the opal-tinted sky—those wondrous Burnshire hills, with their shifting lights and shadows, corresponding to every phase of feeling, and to her sight varying so often in expression since she had dwelt among them, that she could easily credit the statement of Swedenborg, that the scenery of the spiritual world is the outgrowth of mental states.

She rose to her feet as St. John came up the steps, and put out her hand in a welcome that seemed to hold some warmth beyond its common expression.

"I have dared to come, Carlotta," was his greeting.

"I expected you," was her simple, quiet answer.

And they sat down in silence, with thoughts that eyes could speak more eloquently than tongues.

"You know why I have come," at last spoke St. John.

"I know."

"To confess in words the mistake of which my life has been a sad enough illustration."

"And yet, in the wonderful ruling of God, even mistakes have been made subservient to good," she said gently.

"But through purgatorial fires, Carlotta. God's end is human good, and He will accomplish it at whatever cost; but I cannot believe He plans to works inversely, or that His results, reached through sin and suffering, are as rich and perfect as they would be if our will had wrought with His. I have erred, and good has resulted, not from my error, but from attempted atonement for my error, and the force spent in sinning and atoning is so much taken from the progress that I might have made."

"Why do you talk of your error? Call it ours," said Carlotta softly.

"Ours? No. All else I will share with you, but not error. That is mine. You are above and beyond blame in this matter. Do you remember that October day on the hills, Carlotta?"

"Can I ever forget it?"

I cannot. Every look, tone, and gesture of yours is burned into my heart. How many times since I have cried in agony of soul, 'Oh! if I might live that day over!' For there, Carlotta, was the fatal mistake of my life, from which flowed all those later evils. If I had but respected and yielded to your convictions, instead of making war against them! But my love was selfish in those days."

"And yet," sighed Carlotta, "I have reproached myself deeply as the cause of much evil which might have been avoided if I had consented to be governed by your wishes."

"Long ago there were mad moments when I, too, reproached you for my wrecked life, but that was in the blindness of my passion and despair, before suffering had driven out delusions, and brought me to a clearer understanding of the truth. I cannot see now that you were in any way answerable for my follies. It was your right to defer the solemnization of our marriage until you felt fully assured that you would never repent it; it was my privilege—too late appreciated—to wait on your deliberations with patience and respect, though they had consumed three times these years lost in the bitter consequences of my rash and ill-advised action. My sad matrimonial experience taught me reverence for your doubts. Ah Carlotta! Carlotta!"

She had no answer, though that shuddering wail went to her heart with a stab of pain. All else she had forgiven long ago, but his mock-marriage had seemed to her the sin unpardonable. He got up, and walked once or twice across the floor, came back, and sat down with a sigh.

"I would not wait," he said, "but now I must wait perforce—a waiting without hope of reward. For a name stained and disgraced, even by imputed crime—worse still in your sight, a name once falsely given to another—I can never offer you. Yet even the blessed privilege of waiting—so near you—brings me closer to heaven than I once expected to get, and hereby I know that I love you unselfishly, because I am satisfied to give without seeking."

"And am I to give unsought?" she questioned, smiling.

He caught his breath. "Carlotta, what have you to give? Contempt and reprobation?"

"No. A love that has stood the test of doubt, desertion, and disgrace, that has fought with itself for years without power to conquer or to kill, faithful to you above the law, to which it was nevertheless obedient; yet a love

so exacting that it cannot accept your perfused vows, that will be true as truth to you in the invisible and eternal union of the spirit, but will reject the outward bond and covenant which you have profaned."

"Carlotta, I have no cause of complaint. One who has felt the gall of the 'outward bond' representative of a union that was not, might well be satisfied with the union without the visible bond that human laws can forge and sunder; but this, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can ever sever."

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### GONE.

BY MARY E. MILLAN.

**H**E is gone! And I loved him so.  
O winds of the balmy South!  
Pass on, pass on with your honeyed breath,  
And steal me a kiss from his mouth.

He is gone! And I loved him so,  
And gone is my day of grace—  
O sun! have pity, and smile less bright—  
Have pity and hide your face.

He is gone! And I loved him so,  
And the flowers of my heart are dead:  
O flowers of the earth! take pity on me,  
Take pity, and droop each head.

He is gone! And I loved him so,  
And the songs of my heart are still:  
O bright-winged warblers! pity take;  
Have done with that tiresome trill.

He is gone! And I loved him so—  
The sun, the birds, and the flowers,  
Are faithless all. I only am true,  
As I weep through the leaden-winged hours.

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The heights by great men reach'd and kept  
Were not attain'd by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unknown before—  
A path to higher destinies.

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**THE MILLENNIUM.**—I believe, said Theodore Tilton, that the millennium, if it will not actually have come, will certainly be near its coming, when every man's sweetheart is his wife, and every man's wife is his sweetheart.

## WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

### THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

GEORGE ELIOT, in "The Mill on the Floss," points out plainly the absurdity of educating youth all after one plan, without any regard to their individual tastes and capacities, or their future calling in life. Thus Tom Tulliver, when he applies to his Uncle Dean for a situation, and is met by the objection that his classical education cannot be of the least use to him in a mercantile life, is made to reply, "But, uncle, I don't see why the Latin need hinder me from getting on in business. I shall soon forget it all; it makes no difference to me. I had to do my lessons at school, but I always thought they'd never be of any use to me afterward—I didn't care about them."

This is too much the case of the young women of the present day who receive the doubtful advantages of a female institution of learning. They care nothing about their studies. They have to learn their lessons at school, but as these lessons do not seem likely to be of any use to them afterward, they make it their business to "forget it all" as soon as possible. And, indeed, the whole course of their education, except such as results in mere outside show, seems to have been prescribed and carried out for no other purpose than that of being forgotten as soon as school-days are over. I say, "seems to have been." Still, it can hardly have been so. I suppose the original designers of the traditional "course of study" for a young lady, must have had, like Tom's teacher, Mr. Stelling, some vague ideas about the disciplining of the mind, and must have been also impressed with the opinion that a set course of study is equally applicable and equally beneficial to all minds, irrespective of individual tastes and circumstances.

In dealing with the subject of the education of girls, it is an exceedingly difficult matter not to speak of education in general, and to question whether the time-honored systems of our schools and colleges might not be somewhat modified and improved. It might be debated whether in other cases differing from that of Tom Tulliver, a classical knowledge and general familiarity with the ancients, does not prove so much useless lumber in the mind, which has been made to take the place of more

important things. But I will strive to keep to my text, and consider only what kind of an education will prove most beneficial to a woman in the various phases and vicissitudes of life.

Far be it from me to desire the limits of female education to be narrowed. No one will rejoice more heartily than I to see all the honored institutions of learning in our land thrown open to women equally with men. Then, and not till then, shall we learn the intellectual capacities of women. Then, and not till then, will women begin to comprehend what it is to become really educated.

There are several colleges and universities in our country where women are admitted equally with men. In some of these this equality has been one of their ruling principles from the beginning. In others it is a recent, and, to conservative minds, somewhat startling innovation. That no harm can arise, and that much good may result, is the general testimony of those who have given the subject their careful attention. And it is time that the world at large was considering the matter. Viewed apart from the educational advantages it will afford to young women, there are other equally beneficial results that may be hoped for from more familiar intercourse between the sexes during the years of school life.

The convent system—that of entire seclusion from the world—has been thoroughly tried in European countries, and with a most unsatisfactory result, judging from an American standard. The young lady graduates and enters society with polished manners and a certain fund of superficial accomplishments, but light and trifling in thought and behavior to such a degree that it is never considered safe to trust her for a single moment without strict surveillance.

Our own system of boarding-school life, borrowed from the English, seems but little better in its results. Girls are shut up in semi-prisons, and subjected to the closest guardianship from their teachers. In this seclusion, and under this repression, the natural exuberance of youth is forced into improper channels, and the sentiments attain a hothouse growth, and become morbid and unhealthy. When at last the young girl gains her liberty—the full, unrestrained freedom of an American woman—it is not strange that she does not know how to make a proper use of it. Hence arises the

host of evils which young girls have accredited to them as the spontaneous outgrowth of their natures, but which must be charged on a false and pernicious system.

A well-known religious paper contained, during the past year, an article referring to the freedom allowed women, and especially young women, in this country, and lamented that they were not subjected to the same restraints as in continental Europe. In support of his position, he related an incident which had come under his immediate notice in a railroad car on its way to New York. A young lady travelling alone, and apparently returning home from school, met, for the first time, a young gentleman on the car; and so rapidly did the acquaintance progress, that before the city was reached a rendezvous in the street was agreed upon for the following day. The worthy editor prophesied an elopement or a mysterious disappearance, with all its attendant miseries, as the probable result of this act of indiscretion, and argued that if the young lady had been properly attended and watched over, the affair would never have taken place. Very true; but equally true, if the same young lady had not been subjected to the false and artificial restraints of boarding-school life, the first young man she met would not have proved so great an attraction to her, for no other reason than that he was a representative of the other sex, as to make her forget all propriety and all prudence. Our editor did not reason deeply enough. Our young girls need more freedom rather than less. They will never betray any trust reposed in them. It is only where they are made to feel that there is no trust, that surveillance becomes necessary.

For the fullest development of the strongest, the noblest, and the best characteristics of men and women, there is no better plan than that of the family. In schools, in society, and in all the various departments of life, the same plan should be carried out as far as practicable. The sexes should meet daily and familiarly, until all the glamour of false sentiment which affects the eyes of either sex in regarding the other shall be dispelled, and each shall appear to the other what they really are.

Dr. Bushnell, in his rather curious work on "Suffrage—against Nature," brings the following testimony to bear concerning the joint education of the sexes. "The joining of the two sexes in common studies and a common college life—what could be more un-university-like, and, morally speaking, more absurd? And so far as the young women are concerned,

what could be more unladylike and really more improper? I confess, with some mortification, that when the thing was first done, I was not a little shocked even by the rumor of it; but when, by-and-by, some fifteen years ago, I drifted into Oberlin and spent a Sunday there, I had a new chapter opened that has cost me the loss of a considerable cargo of wise opinions, all scattered in loose wreck, never again to be gathered. I learned, for the first time, what it means that the sexes, not merely as by two-and-two, but as a large, open scale of society, have a complementary relation, existing as helps to each other, and that humanity is a disjointed creature, running only to waste and disorder, when they are put so far asunder as to leave either one or the other in a properly monastic and separate state. Here were gathered for instruction a large number of pupils, male and female, pursuing their studies together, in the same classes and lessons, under the same teachers; the young women deriving a more pronounced and more positive character in their mental training from association with young men in their studies; and the young men a closer and more receptive refinement, and a more delicate habitual respect to what is in personal life, from their associations with young women. The discipline of the institution, watchful as it properly should be, was yet a kind of silence, and was practically null—being carried on virtually by the mutually qualifying and restraining powers of the sexes over each other. There was scarcely a single case of discipline, or almost never more than one, occurring in a year."

The sexes need each other as a mutual restraint and a mutual inspiration. Young men naturally incline to vice, when left without any restraining influence; young women to folly and frivolity. The respective reputations of our college students and our boarding-school misses go to demonstrate this. But let young men and women associate together in the same halls of learning, meet in the same classes, and unite in social intercourse out of study hours, and it has been demonstrated beyond dispute that the one sex becomes morally, the other intellectually, strengthened by the contact.

It is the only drawback to one of the noblest institutions of our land—Vassar College—an institution which is almost entirely free from the charges we would bring against other establishments of education for women, that it is intended for the benefit of one sex alone; and by this exclusiveness its pupils are deprived of that which would result in the development of

the fullest and noblest womanhood—the daily contact with intelligent men.

Up to a certain point—thanks to our excellent common-school system—boys and girls are educated equally well. This system is not yet perfected, but I hope time will gradually modify its faults; and if the elements of a good English education are not acquired under it, as a general thing it is safe to ascribe the trouble to scholar or parents. But this is, after all, only a beginning, only the basis of an education. If the girl desires anything further, the institutions which are established for her especial benefit are most incomplete and inadequate in their plans of education. In the regular branches of the course there is too great a number and variety of subjects attempted, considering the time limited for their acquirement. And, further, there is an almost indefinite number of "extras," each of which alone would require more time than is allowed for all together. And it is no uncommon thing for a girl of fifteen or sixteen to be entered for all or nearly all these extras in addition to her regular studies, and she is expected to graduate at eighteen or twenty—proficient in them all.

I will venture to assert that the young lady who, during the same length of time, reads the papers, magazines, and books of the day carefully and thoroughly, and associates with intelligent people, will possess a greater fund of general, useful, and practical information that will stand her in good stead in any and every circumstance in life, than the young boarding-school graduate.

The time is too short, the studies too numerous and varied—not infrequently the teachers themselves too incompetent—for anything like a thorough and practical education to be acquired. Nor does there seem to be any attempt to make these studies practical. It does not follow that because a young lady has gone methodically through the various branches of mathematics, that she is consequently a skilful accountant. Though she may speak French glibly, it is not at all certain that she can write correct English. Of her knowledge of chemistry she knows not how to make practical use when called into the kitchen. She may know geography by heart as it is to be studied in text-books, but it is a wonder if she can tell where the coffee comes from which she drinks at breakfast, or the sugar which sweetens it, or the coal which boils it. She may go over readily enough the technical botanical terms and the scientific names of flowers and plants, but it does not follow that she knows an oak

from a maple, or one species of the commonest grass from another. She may be tolerably familiar with ancient history, but her mind is somewhat confused about current political events.

In brief, she has a smattering of a good many things, but not enough knowledge of any one of them to be of any practical use to her whatever. And when school life is ended, she proceeds to "forget" the little she has learned as the proper thing next in order.

And the ornamental part of her education is no more thorough. A young lady of no mean intelligence, who graduated from a boarding-school where French was the only language spoken—a school of wide celebrity in this country, on account of its supposed advantages in certain departments of a polite education—confessed to me, that though she learned to speak that language fluently, she learned neither to read nor translate it; and she had since found, coming in contact with genuine Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, that the pronunciation she learned at the school was something very different from its actual and correct pronunciation. And I have reason to believe that the experience of this young lady is not an exceptional one.

Only a superficial knowledge, obtained at the hands of incompetent teachers, is what must also be looked for both in music and art, and what is really learned is, after all, often more harmful than otherwise. A genuine musical or artistic genius may actually acquire faults in style of playing, drawing, or painting, that many years of care will hardly correct. The teachers of these arts met with in the institutions of learning for women, are scarcely ever truly qualified to teach. They teach as well as they were taught themselves, and that is all they can do. Or if really competent, they become careless and, we might almost say, conscienceless. And who can wonder, when it is considered what is expected of them? Pupils of all degrees of intelligence or dulness are placed under their instruction. The parents of the stupid ones expect their children to display as much progress as their more brilliant companions, and if they fail to do so, the teacher receives the blame. A teacher of drawing and pastel painting, in a young ladies' institute of learning, confided to me her plan of instruction, carried on with the full sanction of her employers. She gave all the assistance she could to those who showed anything like genius. Those whose talents were only moderate, she let dabble away at their pictures as

best suited them during the hour of drawing, and then took these pictures away with her, erased all the bad portions, and re-drew them. If the pupil showed no capacity in the proper direction, she wasted no time in the attempt to teach her, but excluded her altogether from the drawing-class, and executed the entire pictures for her, allowing them to be exhibited on commencement-day as the genuine productions of the young lady, and to be carried home as such. I expressed surprise that this manner of teaching was not detected by the parents and friends of the pupils; but she assured me that such a thing was very unlikely. The young ladies themselves would never wish the fact known, and so, of course, would never mention it; and as they would never, by any chance, take up the pencil after leaving school, having neither taste nor inclination for the pursuit, it was impossible that the fraud should ever be detected. She satisfied her own conscience with the assurance that they were receiving their money's worth in pictures, if not in instruction, and far better pictures at that than they could possibly have executed themselves. One hardly knows which most to blame in a case like this, the deception of the teacher or the folly and stupidity of parents which seem to make such deception necessary.

Now, as education with a man is acquired with more or less regard to the plans he may have for his after-life, why should it not be the same with a woman? As it is, she is not fitted for any of the energetic, out-door employments of life. She does not learn to be a business woman, nor a professional woman. A boarding-school education is a positive drawback to a literary career; for I think all editors will agree in their horror of articles which bear the stamp of boarding-school views of life, ideas, and sentiments, and it is not until subsequent contact with the world shall have worn all these completely away, that she can hope to be successful with her pen.

But the conservative will reply that he wants woman to be none of these, and will doubtless become eloquent over the duties and pleasures which await woman as a wife and mother within the sacred precincts of the domestic circle. Very well; place her where you please just for the present. But the old question still arises whether the course of training she has been subjected to fits her any better for private than for public life. Is there any branch among the many taught which will indicate, even in the remotest manner, the best and easiest way of managing a household? Is

plain sewing included among the accomplishments?—is cookery regarded as one of the fine arts? Does physiology, as taught in our schools and seminaries, show a woman how to be regardful of her own health, or how to preserve that of the precious ones which may be intrusted to her keeping? Does political economy give a hint as regards economy in household management and expenditure? Are those graces of manner and deportment, those accomplishments of hand, eye, and voice, which serve so well in the attraction of a lover, of equal use in retaining the affection of a husband? The contrary of all this is notoriously the fact. If a story-writer wishes to "point a moral" in domestic life for the benefit of the gentler sex, the heroine is almost invariably brought fresh from a boarding-school, and installed as the mistress of an establishment; and her mistakes and short-comings are held up to ridicule and censure, and considered as the result of personal faults instead of that of an erroneous system under which she has been trained.

We want something more practical in the education of women. They must be regarded as human beings, liable to all the vicissitudes which befall the other sex. Life is too short for any time to be spent idly, foolishly, or unprofitably. Girls, like boys, must first be given an object in life, or taught to select one for themselves, and then all their studies should be with direct reference to the attainment of this object.

There is one branch of a woman's education, which, whether the narrowest or widest limit for her sphere is demanded, should be the first to be considered. And that is a knowledge of household affairs. "A woman is never fit to get married until she can broil a beefsteak and make a cup of coffee," a facetious middle-aged man used to say to me. Yet, how many young women in the middle and upper circles of society possess this knowledge? How many young women in any grade of life know how to do these properly and well? The young married lady, conscious of her own ignorance in these matters, trusts to her cook; but, alas! Bridget is scarcely wiser than her mistress. Bridget spoils the breakfast, and then, on a word of remonstrance or reproof, flounces off, and leaves madam to do the same by the dinner. Then there is a terrible outcry about the "domestic evil"—the incapacity and perverseness of servants. Let the young lady, before she takes upon herself the duties of an establishment, learn these duties thoroughly; and

then, if circumstances justify her in delegating them to others, she will at least be able to instruct these others properly, and will be no less prepared for any emergency.

A little incident has been going the rounds of the papers concerning the daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt. She was one day discovered employed in teaching the grandchild of that millionaire to mend stockings, and when questioned concerning the necessity of such a proceeding, her significant reply was: "There is no telling what may happen in this country."

This idea should be present in the minds of every father and mother in the land. "There is no telling what may happen in this country," where fortunes are made and lost in a single day; where, on the one hand, rail-splitters and tanner-boys may become presidents, and their wives, chosen in their years of obscurity, be recognized as the first ladies in the land; and where, on the other hand, the children of affluence may, at any time, by political or financial changes, find themselves reduced to poverty and destitution.

In this article, though I have allowed myself various and wide digressions, my main design has been to show the relations existing between education and the work and wages of women. In a former article, discussing the subject of suffering among working-women, I have touched lightly upon the same point, and have expressed the belief that those women who failed to find employment sufficiently remunerative to keep them and their young families from destitution, must credit their failure to their incompetency to do anything well. There are exceptional cases, of course—those with delicate or failing health, and those who have no business tact or faculty for management, and who are consequently made the prey of every sharper who has dealings with them.

The woman the most to be pitied, and at the same time the most to be blamed—if we shall blame the victim of a false system of education—is she who has known a comfortable or luxurious home, and has had every opportunity for culture of mind and hand, but who, when the time for learning has passed by, and that for action come, is by a sudden reverse of fortune thrown into a position which calls for the fullest exercise of her faculties in the effort for self-support, and yet who finds these faculties so imperfectly trained that they fail her in the hour of need. We know these women. They throng our cities by hundreds and thousands, and swell the list of our helpless poor. The

efforts they make are really heroic, but their results, how small!

Many of them set out at first with the idea that literature furnishes a smooth and flowery path to wealth and fame. They write their pretty, sentimental sketches or poetry, abounding in adjectives and figures of speech, and, sending them, accompanied by a private note telling a pathetic story of their needs, to some editor, hopefully await his answer. It comes sooner or later; but how different from what their hopes had pictured! Other editors, on subsequent trials, prove equally lions in their path, shutting them out from the flowery fields of literature; and at last they are fain to turn elsewhere. Some look to music, others to art. They know that immense sums of money have been spent on these accomplishments, and it seems only just that there should be some little pecuniary return. But it is only in novels that amateur artists sell pictures at fabulous prices. In real life their art efforts have absolutely no money value whatever.

If these unfortunates are still unmarried, and are free to come and go as they choose, they may finally find situations as teachers of either the useful or ornamental branches, when they will, perhaps, impart as thorough a knowledge to others as they themselves possess, and do their share toward sending out into the world a host of half-educated, incompetent young women, to go through again, in their turn, the same melancholy role.

But if they are left widows with young children, their case is still harder. They have the choice before them of opening a small store, keeping boarding-house, or taking up the needle. Their shop proves a failure, as likely as not, for want of proper business ideas and habits; their boarding-house is no better for the same reason, added to an unfamiliarity with the small details of housekeeping; and at last we find them in a garret, doing the plainest and coarsest of sewing, and trying to keep body and soul together on twenty-five or fifty cents a day. In the years of their young-ladyhood they could embroider and crochet, and do all kinds of fancy work; and though ignorant of the mysteries of plain sewing, they thought themselves far advanced beyond it in their skill with the needle. But embroidery, fancy knitting and netting have no marketable value, fine shirts they cannot make, and so their only resource is the slop-shop.

We may expend our pity on these women; we may give more substantial aid to individual cases; but we must try by some means to ex-

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terminate the class. The public mind has been awakened to inquire the causes of suffering among working-women. It is to be hoped that when they are once comprehended, an effort will be made to apply the proper remedies.

Every father and mother, in planning and superintending the education of their daughter, should have before their minds the not at all remote possibility that this daughter may at some time, and by some chance, be obliged to earn her own living. And it should be the desire of both, a desire as strong and lively as that which actuates the father to lay aside money for her future use, to try to fortify her against, and prepare her for such a catastrophe. Fling to the winds the notion of feminine dependence as it is generally interpreted, learn her to be strong, self-reliant, and self-dependent. Let her education be as broad as time and means will permit, but let it be thorough and practical. Study well her disposition, her inclinations, and her talents, and let her studies lie in the direction indicated by these, never forcing upon her attention those branches for which she has no taste. If she incline to the study of languages, furnish her with the best of masters, and encourage her not only to ground herself thoroughly in the grammar and construction of each tongue she acquires, but to familiarize herself with its literature as well; and do not insist that she shall be equally proficient in music. If she has a fancy for mathematics, do not compel her to cram her head with history at the same time, which will only be forgotten as fast as it is learned. Insist upon her being thorough in everything she undertakes. If her education should not be broad, let it at least be deep. Do not send her to school with the idea that in three or four years she can master a dozen or more regular branches and "extras," any one of which, to become even moderately familiar with, would require the entire time. If she is compelled to attempt all these, do not let her parents flatter themselves that she has received anything more than the thinnest varnish of an education, which a few rubs and knocks in actual life will cause to disappear entirely. No matter if the young girl fail to fulfil the programme of her school, and is entitled to no diploma; the actual experiences of after life will convince her, and all interested in her, that it was well a mere piece of parchment was not permitted to outweigh more really important considerations.

I do not wish to be understood as disclaiming against a high standard of education for

women. There is no position in life, private or public, in which a carefully disciplined, well-informed mind has not immense advantages over an unregulated, ignorant one. But it is this smattering of various abstract subjects, which are seldom or never presented to them in any practical light—this universal superficiality in attainments and ideas, that is the bane of the school-girl. A girl of eighteen or twenty has actually learned nothing. She has done well, if she has laid a firm foundation for future study and acquirement of knowledge—if she has learned how to learn. To call her education finished when she has reached this point, is as if the farmer should carefully plough and harrow his ground, and then, without sowing any seed, declare the labor of the season finished. And to declaim against the incapacity and inability of women who have been allowed and encouraged to pursue such a course, is as unreasonable as this same farmer would be should he come in the fall, and after looking vainly for a crop, rail against his land for its unproductiveness. The farmer will find plenty of weeds, no doubt. And so the carefully prepared mind of the young lady, if the seeds of true knowledge are not planted and cultivated, will harvest a luxuriant crop of vanity, extravagance, false sentiment, selfishness, and kindred follies.

If a woman wishes to measure her intellect with that of man's—and the world is now calling on her to do so—she must prolong her years of study as he does his. Her intellect may be as vigorous, her faculties as quick, and her intuitions far readier than his; but she cannot expect that she shall accomplish as much as he, with a less amount of preparation. We are constantly reminded that the number of women who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts is very small compared to that of the other sex. But did ever any statistician attempt to ascertain the exact ratio of distinguished men and women, and compare it with that of men and women who have received equal advantages of education? Where there is one woman thoroughly educated, there are ten, I do not know but I may safely say, fifty men. The whole training of a woman is directed rather to prevent than to lead her to any peculiar excellence in any special department. It is diffusive and superficial. Concerning those women whose names the world delights to honor, I think investigation will prove that their course of study has been exceptional, and formed more after masculine models than after feminine ones. It is

well known that such is the case with Harriet Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur, two artists who stand at the head of their sex in sculpture and painting, and whose works will compare well with the best of modern art productions. If these two ladies had been compelled to gain their ideas of their respective professions from a boarding-school or recognized feminine point of view, it is very doubtful whether the world would ever have heard of them.

Give our girls good, thorough, practical educations. Whatever they are set to study, encourage them to learn, and furnish them with the means of learning, as though the knowledge they acquire were to be put to practical use.

Every young lady should consider for herself that there is no knowing what may happen in this country; and while she adorns her mind and her deportment with those graces which may serve her in the highest station, and which are never out of place even in the lowest, she should try to prepare herself in other ways to meet any and all changes of fortune, be they good or ill.

It cannot be denied that, in many departments, woman's wages are inadequate to the amount of her labor. But it is because the standard of her labor has been so degraded by the incompetency and unreliability of the many; and the excellent few have been made to suffer in consequence. Raise the standard of excellence by adopting a plan of education which shall increase the number of accomplished and reliable workwomen in all branches of employment, and there can be but little doubt that wages will rise in proportion.

### SPRING IS COMING!

(From the German of Geibel.)

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

O H! where are you flying so fast, sweet bird?  
"To northern climes I fly;  
For spring has begun, and clear shines the sun,  
And the brooks go dancing by."

Then hasten, oh! hasten your flight, dear bird,  
And on me this favor confer:  
To my l.-dy-love say, that I think all the day,  
And dream all the night of her.  
And ne'er will my heart from its loyalty part,  
While its pulses with life-blood stir.

And greet every rose, round her dwelling that grows,  
Sweet birdie, when o'er it you fly;  
Would I were a flower, to bloom in her bower,  
Or on her fair bosom to die.

### THE WA-KULLA.

BY L. S. H.

HIDDEN in a lovely glade among the grand old woods of Florida, lies the beautiful spring known as the Wa-Kulla. This curious little lake is visited by all strangers from the neighboring city of Tallahassee, and is looked upon as a great natural curiosity. The purity and translucence of the water is such, that the smallest coin dropped from a boat, in its centre, where the depth is about sixty feet, can be plainly seen as it lies at the bottom, and the chemical nature of the water encrusts everything it touches with a substance resembling coral. Thus, the whole of the basin in which it lies is white as ivory, and the beautiful effect, as you float upon its surface and gaze down into its fairy-like depths, must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is surrounded by superb live-oak trees, with their rich, myrtle-like leaves, the haunt of multitudes of southern birds, whose beauty lights up the shaded avenues like sudden gleams of sunlight; and in the solemn stillness of a summer noon the wild, thrilling strain of the mockingbird may be heard at times, like enchanted music from elf-land. From bough to bough hang suspended, in endless festoons, the trailing vines of the yellow jasmine, with its golden bells of fragrance, and the long, waving streamers of gray moss, known as the curtains of death, add a sad and mystic charm, totally unknown to the scenery of our northern land. We can wish our readers no greater pleasure than a visit to this interesting spot.

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BAD temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of any unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child oftener needs dieting more than correcting. A child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs, than a dull, pensive child; and, if he has an open nature, his inward irritation is shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy when this trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes. Never spoil children by making them too unhappy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow.

## JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE superintendent was in his office. A group of farmers and sheep-raisers, in heavy overcoats and furred caps, had been cracking jokes and aiming tobacco-juice at the spittoons in either corner while settling their accounts for the vast piles of wool which lay waiting their turn to be seized by the jaws of the vast monster overhead.

The superintendent had his jokes also with the big, burly group about his desk, fresh from hills and pastures, a strong, homely scent of mother earth clinging to them, their very wit having some broad and heartsome flavor of their own fields, the man at the desk thought.

These men liked him—would be sure to say so when they talked him over in the keen, frosty air out yonder, getting their teams ready, meanwhile.

If Philip Draper, superintendent of the woolen factories of Weymouth & Co., had taken a fancy to run for member of Congress, governor, or something of that sort, he could have made some capital out of the good feeling of these varied kinds of men with whom he was brought in daily contact. He was the last man in the world to take on airs with anything human, having with one side of that a fellow feeling, and having, also, some ideals of character and manhood which kept pretty effectually in the background any overweening sense of superiority; at bottom of this man, however, a sturdy self respect which prevented any undue familiarity on the part of others.

As the last figure disappeared at the door the superintendent pushed back his books and rose up, looking at his watch. It was high time to make his daily round over the factory.

Suddenly from behind something plucked at his arm. He turned and saw, first, Fin Brummer's flabby face and woolly head.

"Well, Fin, what's wanting this time?"

"I've—I've—there's a girl outside what wants a place in the factory. She's a good deal skeered, and wanted me first to come in and see if there's a chance for her."

"Go back and fetch her in, and tell her to try me for herself, and see whether I'm anything to be mortally afraid of," answered the superintendent, with the smile that Fin remembered on the

day that his board-bill was settled. He had not played "hookey" since.

Fin shuffled out, and returned in a moment, followed by a young girl probably not far out of the first half of her teens, all wonder and shyness and blushes, but as pretty a creature as you ever laid eyes on. Pretty is precisely the word, not handsome nor beautiful, if you give its deeper and finer content to either adjective. The prettiness was not of the sort to last late; years, or toil, or trouble would soon fade it out, for it was the prettiness of youth, and health, and bloom, but it was delightful, after its kind. Under the little brown hat were cheeks like roses when they grow reddest in June, and lips that seemed to have caught the very stain of mountain strawberries, and dimples and rows of white teeth, and eyes that set one to thinking of harebells, and violets, and all those blue, soft, purplish things.

There she stood, shy and blushing, before the superintendent, who had so keen a sense of beauty, and there by her side stood Fin Brummer as spokesman, with his face that looked as though it might have been hurriedly moulded out of putty.

"Well, now, do I really seem like a person to be very much afraid of? I'm curious to know," said the superintendent, with his smile coming out again, for he pitied the child, who was stealing glances at him and drawing on and off the cotton glove from her little, brown hand, in a great flutter.

At that smile she looked him steadily in the face, and smiled in her turn, showing the pretty dimples. "No, sir, I don't think you do."

"Very good. Now that fact is settled satisfactorily, we will make a beginning. Fin here tells me you want a place among us. Is he a relative of yours?" glancing from one face to the other for any subtle sign of family likeness.

The little autobiography came out then by scraps. It was as common as human life.

The girl had lived all her days away up among the Vermont hills. No city could ever have rounded the deep, healthful bloom of those cheeks, any more than it could the wild raspberries along the still roadsides. Her family were all dead; the Brummers and they had once been neighbors. The girl had lived for the last year

with an aunt, but had grown tired of dairy work and the long, cold winters, and Fin had written to her cousin, who was an old crony of his, glowing descriptions of his factory life at Hedgerows, so the girl had concluded to come away and try her chance at the factories.

It might seem a very small plunge to many people, requiring no great pluck or vim; but the superintendent did not think that at all; he knew what anxious days and sleepless nights the effort had cost.

The superintendent promised to do his best to find the girl a place in the mills, and went out a moment to speak to the men in the yard before he made the tour of the factory; and he left the girl and Fin seated in the office until his return.

"Now, Ruth, didn't I tell you so?" said Fin, rubbing his red hands with excitement as soon as the superintendent had disappeared. "Isn't he a brick?"

"I think he's splendid, Fin," answered Ruth Benson, that word having to do a tremendous amount of service in the American young woman's vocabulary, whatever her grade may be. "He acted as though he'd known me all my life."

"He al'ays does," answered Fin, and he kept on talking with enthusiasm to a most interested listener, while Ruth Benson's heart grew lighter every moment, and she quite got rid of that dreadful feeling of strangeness, and of wanting a good cry which she had from the first moment she stepped from the stage two hours before into the new world of Hedgerows.

Ah! the good a few kind words at the right time can do, the little they cost! It was not long before the superintendent put his head inside the office door. "Come, now, I'm all ready for you," he said, in his heartiest tones, and the boy and girl followed him out.

He was a busy man these days, but behind all the business, he managed to hold in clear, serene, purple airs his thoughts and dreams, not an unhappy man, after all, as the days went here at Hedgerows.

Going through the lower stories of the factory on his tour of inspection, the superintendent stopped a moment at the room where they were sorting the wool.

His companions stopped with him.

The man might have sent Fin back at once to his work, but he realized what the sight of a home face must be to the boy and girl; moreover, he was inclined to reward Fin a little for his faithfulness, and I think, in the long run, the mills of Stephen Weymouth & Co. did not

lose anything from that half hour's grace on the part of its superintendent.

One of the men who was sorting the wool looked up as Ruth Benson stood there. He was rather a new hand, also.

From the first, however, Draper had not liked the man, felt a kind of subtle aversion to him. He was a youngish man, with a certain disagreeable air of smartness about him; rather tall, heavily built, with a florid complexion and light, thin, reddish whiskers.

Reynolds, that was the wool-sorter's name among the workmen, might have been good-looking, probably thought himself so—if it had not been for a disagreeable smirk of self-conceit, changing sometimes into a sinister look, which came into the man's bold, dark eyes. This Reynolds carried himself with a swagger, took on airs among the workmen, cracked coarse jokes, and told stories that brought out loud guffaws of laughter, and left a bad taste in the thoughts afterward.

Nobody seemed to know anything about Reynolds's antecedents, yet with his larger knowledge of the world and his stories with a bad flavor, he was rather a favorite crony with the workmen.

From the first, as I said, the superintendent had disliked the man. Once or twice he had caught the bad leer in those bold eyes. Among the hundreds of operatives with whom he was daily brought in contact, Philip Draper would probably have selected this man as the one most likely to be guilty of any surreptitious meanness or vileness.

As Ruth Benson stood in the doorway, the wool-sorter looked up from his piles, and saw the pretty, blushing face.

He stared at it with those bold eyes of his, until the girl moved uneasily under the man's half-admiring, half-insolent gaze.

The superintendent, turning around, saw the stare. Man as he was, it affected his nerves a good deal as though some vile, cold, crawling thing had touched him. "Come away," he said to Ruth quickly, glad to get her out of the man's sight.

Perhaps Reynolds noticed the gesture. He had a poor opinion of his kind, and always hated his superiors, with the feeling that their being this was a personal wrong to himself "The fellow has a relish for a pretty woman. I'll wager my old hat he's got his eye on her now for himself," he muttered, with a dark sneer under the pale, reddish whiskers as he turned to his work again.

Up-stairs, Ruth Benson was initiated into

her first factory work of winding spools. Amid the crowd of strange faces, with the loud, endless thunder of the machinery, that first day at the mills would have been a dreadfully homesick one for the poor, half-scared, half-bewildered child, if it had not been for the smile and the cheering words with which the superintendent had left her. She clung to that, as, far out at sea, a sailor clings, through blinding drifts of the tempest, to the lights far out on the horizon.

If I had not something to do besides writing a love story, I should have kept better track of the acquaintance which began away back in the autumn between the superintendent and Miss Thayne. That was progressing, though, after its kind, and in a rather desultory fashion.

Philip Draper was rather morbid in his dread of intruding on people, and though the squire's invitations increased, if possible, in their cordiality, Philip Draper was rather slow in availing himself of them. Still, he went frequently enough to have these visits shed a certain glow about his life at Hedgerows, which otherwise had been dull enough.

Longer acquaintance only enhanced the mutual regard which the elder and younger gentlemen had felt toward each other from the beginning. Their talks together by the wood-fire in the library swept wide circles of human life, the older man bringing to these his fine intellect, his ripe experience, the younger his dreams, his ardor, the poetry that was like a cool, deep well-spring in the soul of Philip Draper.

On one side, while the talk waxed warm as it glanced over wide fields of philosophy, history, human life, Jacqueline sat still and listened, saying unusually little at these times. Indeed, she had grown rather silent of late, the thought of Sydney Weymouth lying heavy on the soft heart of the girl; not that she ever regretted the reply she had once given him—it was not in her to do that; only it grieved her to think she was giving her old playmate pain—that for her sake he was banishing himself from Hedgerows through this long winter.

Jacqueline was not always silent, though—it was not in her nature to be—and then, when it happened that Squire Thayne and his guest disagreed on any topic under discussion, which of course happened sometimes, her uncle would turn around to the pale, shining face—"Come up, bairnie, to the rescue," he would say. "Tell us what your opinion is of all this."

And so Jacqueline would find herself drawn into the current of talk; and there she was at home, whether the subject in hand proved to be

some one of those grand historical characters, which tower up so far above the dead, level dark of the past that a ray of immortality touches them and they stand out clear to us, or whether it was some system of philosophy or ethics.

Jacqueline's uncle had carried her more or less along his own heights of thought and reading. The atmosphere there would have been too fine and stimulating for most minds, perhaps. It had not been for hers.

Yet it always struck Philip Draper that she hardly ever looked at any of these subjects just as the two men did. Her feminine insight went down oftener to the very soul of things, it seemed to him—always threw some coloring of grace and tenderness over all she talked of. He learned a great deal from her in these talks, but the best thing of all was, he gained some new and clearer ideal of womanhood.

On that low hybrid of hers between arm-chair and camp-stool, she would turn often and look at her uncle, sometimes in pauses of her most earnest talk, for she was a woman, and never talked much without feeling what she said, and a softness would come into Jacqueline's eyes, and something would flutter about her face that seemed like the faint glimmer of some great light behind. Jacqueline never loved her uncle, never clung to him, just as she did these days. It seemed to her that her answer to Sydney Weymouth had set them two apart, shut them up to all the world besides.

Certainly one might have fancied Philip Draper's stars were unlucky here. This was the time of all others least likely for any man to make an impression on the heart or mind of Jacqueline Thayne.

In one way and another, though, during these infrequent visits, I believe an interest in the superintendent, in the man's character and individuality, grew on her. He had not, thus far, however, taken possession of her fancy, unless in the very faintest degree—not a tenth part as much as Sydney Weymouth had.

"A stanch fellow that—sound to the core of him," her uncle would say sometimes, after one of Philip Draper's visits, standing before the fire and rubbing his hands.

"Yes; I think he is—he talks well," Jacqueline would reply, in an acquiescent, half matter-of-fact tone, which made her uncle look at her and wonder if she would really care whether she ever saw the superintendent again. But he never told his thoughts, being a wise man.

But something happened of a sudden which materially affected the relations subsisting between the superintendent and the squire's niece.

Squire Thayne had a passion for architecture. Jacqueline was always rallying him over it. The house was a slow outgrowth from time to time of one and another of his fancies, being long, and low, and picturesque.

The people at Hedgerows accepted it, as they did the squire himself, thinking it would not be like the Thaynes to live in a house just like ordinary mortals; so there was a pointed gable on one end, and bay windows at another, an addition thrown out here, and a wing there, with dormer or lozenge-paned windows, "odd as Dick's hatband," some folks said, with not the faintest idea of where that threadbare comparison originated. The man's last notion had been to run up a couple of rooms on the best side of the house—a round tower, Jacqueline playfully called it, though, indeed, the lower apartment was to serve for a supper-room, and the upper one for a kind of observatory of the sunsets and the wide landscape, which commanded a grand sweep, including the whole town of Hedgerows, the doubling of Blue River, with its outlying creeks and brooks, and beyond the wide lush green of the meadows and slopes of woodland, up to the royal company of the hills, who held solemn court here all the year round, whether in tender greens, or radiant purples, or, last of all, in still, dazzling ermines.

"I shall come up here every afternoon with my reading," said the squire, picking his way with his niece among the rubbish and debris of the partially laid floor to the window. "Ah Jacqueline! think of reading to these sunsets."

The girl drew a long breath, flushes of pleasure growing in her face. All the time Jacqueline had had a lurking doubt as to the advisability of this new supplement to their home. "Where was the use of flanking it with a round tower?" she had wondered. "As though their dove-cote had not ins and outs enough already, and was not quite large enough for those two!"

But when she looked out of the window at the winter sunset that day, and saw the whole, wide landscape enchanted and idealized in the light, she said—"O uncle! you were right after all. This will be our dearest room—for daylight, I mean," thinking of the evening wood-fires and the library.

"Isn't it delicious, bairnie? So all my botching and buttressing hasn't come to naught, you see."

"Uncle Alger, I'm remorseful enough for those words, without your throwing them in

my teeth," her eyes on the distant hills, their snowy summits in a splendor of browns and purples. At last she turned her face around. "Ah Uncle Alger! it is a good world to live in," she said.

"Yes; while there are such scenes as that to see in it," he said—"yes."

The next afternoon Jacqueline picked her way up the half-built oak staircase again, to watch the sunset.

It was late in December now, and there had been a fresh fall of snow the night before, and the whole landscape, as well as the summit of the distant hills, was one pure, dazzling white, broken by the dark, steely gloom of the river.

After stopping awhile at the window, a fancy seized Jacqueline to go out on the balcony. This was a perilous undertaking, the merest skeleton of planks having been laid here; but Jacqueline was a careless creature, and stepped out boldly on the narrow planks, slippery with a thin coating of ice, as though they had been a smooth, solid flooring.

The view here was perhaps finer than the one from the window. At any rate, it made the girl forget everything else, as she stood still, quite regardless of the consequences of a misstep on the slippery planks, while she gazed on the wide, white landscape, and the smoke from the farm-houses floating slowly in the wind, pale grays and silvers, she thought, like sails of some phantom fleet.

But it was no time or place on that slippery bridge to be indulging pretty, quaint fancies about the smoke, and drawing analogies between that and phantom-fleets.

They had been excavating the ground beneath for a drain. Into this had been dumped a pile of jagged stone, on which the girl must inevitably have been precipitated if she once lost her balance.

A cutter dashed suddenly around the road, a couple of men inside. Squire Thayne had picked up Philip Draper somewhere on the roads and brought him out to tea, saying with a laugh, "You may count on being kidnapped whenever I can get my grip on you."

There was not a workman in sight, the whole squad having taken a half holiday, some firemen's celebration and parade coming off at Hedgerows on this afternoon.

They saw the girl standing there. It was a strange sight. She seemed hanging between heaven and earth, every line of the fair, clear face, the delicate figure, cut out sharply against the cold, blue air.

Both the men turned pale at the sight. "Is

the girl stark mad!" muttered the squire between his teeth, giving his horse a sharp cut, which made the creature plunge, and start, and tear madly along.

At that moment Jacqueline caught sight of the men. She turned hastily to go in; her foot slipped, the figure swayed a moment, and then they saw it sink.

"O my God! my God!" cried Philip Draper.

It was more than a cry—it was a prayer. He was out of the sleigh in a moment; the next he had leaped the high fence, the old college feats, among whose athletes he had been foremost, serving him well now.

Jacqueline hung there. It was for life or for death. But the timbers were slippery, and her hands were numb and her strength was failing. A few moments more and help would be there; but could she hold out those few?

She closed her eyes. The voice of Philip Draper came to her lond as a trumpet in that last gasp—"Hold on! hold on! I'll save you!"

She expected to drop every moment. She heard his feet thunder along beneath her. A ladder lay on the ground. In the twinkling of an eye it flashed up through the air and rested against the planks. Jacqueline felt it graze her shoulder. The next a stout arm was around her waist. She knew nothing more. She was quite senseless when the superintendent bore her down the ladder and laid her in her uncle's arms.

The elder man had just reached the ladder. He, too, had sprung from the sleigh, but his youth was gone; he could not leap the high fence, and Jacqueline's life had hung on the superintendent's accomplishing that feat. Had her uncle been alone, she could not have kept her hold until he came up.

#### CHAPTER X.

They carried the girl into the library. She came out of her faint in a few moments. She was naturally bewildered on the instant, but seeing the faces of the two men about her, for they had not yet summoned a servant, the whole came back on her.

She turned to her uncle and put out her arms. The man had not spoken when he received his niece at the foot of the ladder from Philip Draper—received her literally from the jaws of death.

It seemed to Squire Thayne that he had lived years in those few moments when Jacqueline had hung by the planks; his strong nerves had been shaken like a woman's. Perhaps he would

never show it to the world, but he knew he had grown old in that time.

He put his arms about the girl; the strong heart gave way. "O my child! my child!" he said.

Philip Draper went out of the room, partly for their sakes, partly for his own. He walked up and down the portico; he did not know it, but he was crying and thanking God.

After awhile, he could not have told whether it was minutes or hours, but it was growing dark, Squire Thayne came and brought the young man into the house. Jacqueline was sitting by the fire. She was very white, and she lifted her head and looked at the superintendent a moment—a look that he would never forget as long as he lived.

Then she put out her hands to him. "Mr. Draper, you have saved my life," she said.

He took her hands, he tried to speak, but the words worked and worked in his throat, and his lips were dumb.

It was Squire Thayne who broke the silence. "Let us thank God, children," he said.

The man knelt down. I cannot write that prayer here. It was a man talking with his God, a man who had stood face to face with death a few moments before. After that all their hearts were stilled and steadied.

"I shall never forgive myself, uncle," said Jacqueline, turning to him, the tears rolling slowly down her cheeks. She did not think of herself now, she only thought of what he must have suffered during those few moments, and that it had all happened through her own carelessness.

Perhaps the squire took some blame to himself, for he had educated his niece to a certain fearlessness of danger, and then courage to rashness was in the Thayne blood. Still, he felt the lesson might do her good.

"You will never expose yourself again to such peril, Jacqueline?"

"Never—O uncle!" she stopped and shuddered, seeing herself lying on the jagged stones outside; she grew sick all over. Then she turned and looked again on Philip Draper. "O my friend! my friend!" she said. But she did not once thank him. As if there were any need.

Nobody else in the house suspected the awful tragedy which had come so close to it—nobody heard it afterward for years at least.

When supper was ready, Jacqueline insisted on going out as usual, and taking her place at the table. She was very quiet and pale; that was the only change in her; but then there was

hardly the usual amount of brisk, electric talk about the supper-table that night, although the squire and the superintendent did their best.

They had a different evening, too, in the library, by the humming and glowing of the wood-fire, from any that they had ever passed there before.

Jacqueline sat here in her old place, and her uncle sat close to her to-night, and with a gesture of unutterable tenderness, he put his hand on the dark, glossy head. "Ah my bairnie! if I had lost you," he said. "My one bairnie!"

The tears came into Philip Draper's eyes, hearing those words.

They did not talk much of what had happened. Perhaps they would some time, when time had softened and shaded what was so near and awful now.

Jacqueline's face looked so shaken and white, that her uncle begged her to retire, but she insisted on remaining—"I like to be by you to-night," Uncle Alger, she pleaded, and he knew what that meant, and did not insist any further, and the squire and his guest got to talking at last in their old fashion—only they dwelt to-night for the most part on contemporary events and characters. Neither was equal to the old circle of discussions.

The superintendent went away early that evening. They would have been glad enough to have him remain with them for the night, but he could not be prevailed on to do this.

The squire followed his guest to the front door; he wrung his hand—"My dear fellow"—he broke down there—"the Lord remember it of you," he said. That was all.

It was a dreary night enough, a black sky overhead, the air all alive with chilly, damp winds that wavered wildly about, and had a ghostly touch against one's cheeks.

I doubt, though, whether Philip Draper, in the midst of it all, could have told you what kind of a night it was—whether there was a shining overhead of stars, or only that blank blackness. He was going over with the dreadful scene of that afternoon. Not only that, but when he saw her hanging there between life and death, Philip Draper had learned something which would make a different man of him through all the life to come.

He wondered now, almost as though it were another man, how it had all come about. They had met so very few times, had a few talks, mostly with her uncle, after all, in the library, and a few times that face of hers, in its white sweetness, had shone opposite him at the supper-table in the quaint, quiet home.

Yet to think how he loved her. It was a surprise at last that was like a painful shock to the man. It almost seemed to him, at first, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, as though he were nothing more than a big, susceptible kind of school-boy.

But that feeling did not last long; everything else was swallowed up in the consciousness that had been born in the sharp travail of one terrible moment.

How he loved this girl! How she seemed to him the one woman in all the world—how he had grown familiar with a thousand little habits and gestures of hers which somebody else might hardly be conscious of who had known her all her life—little, swift tricks of her hand going up to her hair—little, sudden quivers of her eyelids, and restless stirrings of her fingers when they lay clasped in each other.

To do Philip Draper justice, he never once in all this time thought of Jacqueline as holding any personal relation with himself. That might come in time, but now such a thought would have seemed sacrilege. It was enough to the superintendent to feel the new love that was awake in his soul; that the old, long, dreary solitude of his life was over at last, and he did not know that the night, with its blank of clouds and its ghostly mutter of winds, was about him.

The superintendent did not go straight home. He wandered around the outskirts of the town, for he knew all the roads so well by this time, that he would not have lost his way among them had he been stark blind.

He was on one of these roads now, in one of its loneliest portions, too, the houses separated by long intervals of potato-fields and pastures, when the superintendent became suddenly alive to footsteps not far behind him. He had keen ears; he would have been conscious of this fact sometime before, had the man been less preoccupied.

Philip Draper heard the steps distinctly now on the crust of snow, a low crackling, evidently of one trying to disguise the sound.

The superintendent was no coward, but he reflected that he was without a weapon; not so much even as his cane, and the only house in sight was the one far up the road, where a faint light glimmered from a solitary window.

The superintendent could have faced dragons that night without flinching. Not a pulse of him quickened, although he was quite alive to the possible perils of his situation, as he kept on at his steady, rather rapid gait, and

every few moments there was a little crunch upon the snow, which showed that the footsteps had gained on him.

Philip Draper drew a long breath or two. If it came to a sudden spring, he was ready for it. He was only unprepared for a blow from some weapon, whether of club or dagger. That thought might, it would seem, make the strongest nerves shiver. Perhaps it would Philip Draper's at any other time. But that night he was invulnerable to mortal fear. A face whose sweetness would never fail his soul, shone before him, exalting and calming the whole man as though he stood near to the gate of heaven.

A few steps more, and he knew the thing behind was close upon him. All at once, in a flash, it came upon Philip Draper that the man who was following him, intent on some evil, was Reynolds. He never could account for this conviction to himself, although he tried to afterward a good many times. There was no shadow on the snow; the thick darkness was all around these two, no faint light from the distant farm-houses showed any dim outline of the burly figure of the wool-sorter.

Yet Philip Draper could have sworn to the man's identity. On the instant he wheeled suddenly around, and spoke in a loud, careless tone—"Well, Reynolds, is there anything you want of me? Make a little more noise, man. It isn't a bear you are tracking in the snow this time."

There was a moment's pause, followed by a loud guffaw, in which, however, young Draper detected something not just right—a little uneasiness or nervousness.

"That's Mr. Draper, is it? I knew your voice at once. But what ears or eyes you must have, sir! If I'd known it was you, I wouldn't have tried on one of my old tricks. But when I heard your steps, I thought I'd see whether I could track a bear as snugly as I used to in the snows out West. I've lodged a shot more than once in the creature's brain. But I ask your pardon, sir."

The man was brazen enough; cunning, too, if he really meant harm to the superintendent, about which, at the least, the latter would always have strong suspicions. Still, there was nothing better to be done now than to take the wool-sorter at his word. If there had been any intention to rob him on the part of Reynolds, there was no proof of it.

So Philip Draper accepted the man's explanation.

"You've done me no harm, Reynolds, as I happen to possess nerves like steel; but a man

who was made up of weaker ones wouldn't particularly enjoy being followed on a dark night, and in an out-of-the-way place, in this fashion."

"That's a fact, sir. I should have spoken the next moment if you hadn't got ahead of me. But I'll wager a new hat there isn't living one man in a thousand who could have told there was anything behind him."

The two men were walking on briskly now. Still, Draper kept himself wide awake on every movement of the other until they reached the vicinity of farm-houses. He half chided himself for this. He could not account for his unconquerable aversion to the man, tried to make himself believe there was no more in this stealthy tracking him than appeared on the surface.

Reynolds was doing his very best to be agreeable, telling stories and joking; and Draper entered into the talk with more animation because of the dark doubt which lurked at the bottom of all.

Reaching a sharp angle of the road, Reynolds turned off with a cordial good-night.

The wool-sorter had his own perplexities regarding the superintendent's opinion.

"If he suspected anything, he carried it off well," muttered the man, after he got well started on the road, which led most directly to the lower part of the village. "He's deep as a well, and his eyes"—some oaths followed here.

After Jacqueline had gone to bed that night, Squire Thayne sat all alone by the library fire. He tried to read for awhile, but even his favorite books failed of their charm.

He lived over more than once in the silence there the awful strain of that afternoon, and perhaps he learned now, as he had never done before, how dear and precious this daughter of his brother was to him. The bond, however, was not one of relationship. That alone could never have held it so firmly, although Jacqueline was the last of the Thaynes. It was for herself that the squire loved his niece.

At last he went up-stairs, and passed by her door to reach his own. He paused at the chamber a moment, and then softly turning the knob, went in. A dim light burned in the room. Squire Thayne went up to the bed. Jacqueline lay there sound asleep, her cheek on her hand, the clear, delicate profile cut out above the pillow like marble. What a beautiful face it was—at least to eyes that could read it; but that presupposed a good deal.

Men that liked bloom, prettiness, mere animal beauty, might not have found much in the

face of this girl. But the man who gazed on it to-night knew its charm and sweetness, and to him it was as the face of no living woman.

There was a slight bruise on the temples where the dark, silky hair was brushed away. He had not observed it before; but it brought over the man again the awful horror of that moment when he looked up and saw where Jacqueline hung. The man's strong nerves shivered. "My poor little girl! My poor little girl!" he murmured to himself, softly stroking the temples of the slumberer.

All the while he was thinking, too, of Philip Draper, and of what an immeasurable debt he owed the young man. Of a sudden it flashed upon him—I cannot tell how, people never can such things, you know, but he was thinking of the man when the cutter turned the corner and the two men looked up—that the superintendent loved his niece. Perhaps he was not conscious of this yet himself, but he would learn it some time.

Occasionally, Squire Thayne had tried to school himself to the pang that would be sure to come with a knowledge of this kind; but he experienced nothing of that now.

It only gave a glow of tenderness to the interest with which, from the beginning, he had regarded the stranger at Hedgerows—an interest which had half surprised the squire himself—before the deed of to-day had set Philip Draper apart from all others as the one man who had done the greatest service it was in human power to do Squire Thayne. He was a reader of men; and his glance from the first had gone deep into the character of the superintendent. It possessed elements for which Squire Thayne's had the widest and strongest affinities.

He knew Jacqueline as only love can know another soul, and with that knowledge knew also how few men there were in the world who could make her happy. Yet he saw it was quite possible she might at first be drawn more strongly toward some of these than toward the superintendent. What was in common between them did not lie on the surface, but it was none the less eternal. If the revelation of soul to soul would only once come, what might these two be to each other?

Squire Thayne thought of his gray hairs and his gathering years, and it seemed to him there was one man in the world to whose youth and strength he could willingly give his darling.

"We could trust him, you and I, Jacqueline," he murmured, standing there by the bedside in the still night, and his thoughts were swift and

many within him. "We must leave that also with God," sure, sooner or later, to be with him the ultimate conclusion; and then he turned and walked softly out of the room.

(*To be continued.*)

#### INVOCATION.

BY EMMA PASSMORE BROWN.

O H! teach me to be calm,  
My Father. With Thine eyes of pitying love,  
Teach me to walk with swift yet noiseless feet  
Through this world's warfare, treading golden  
street,  
My soul turned sunward, fixed on courts above.

Oh! teach me to be calm,  
My Father. Take my hand and lead me on;  
Not only through earth's mightier throes and  
cares,  
When dark and threat'ning clouds my life-sky  
wears—  
When e'en my hopes lie shattered, every one—

But teach me to be calm  
Amidst the minor griefs and ills of life;  
Let my soul blossom into something grand;  
Firm fixed my principles, steadfast my hand;  
Thus shall I make a better mother, wife.

Oh! teach me not to mind  
The idle word, the careless jest, too much—  
To walk, as 'twere on higher plane, to feel  
The sweetest throbs that poesy can reveal—  
Thus shall coarse things grow powerless in their  
touch.

Oh! teach me charity;  
That, while I watch myself with Argus eyes,  
I speak about my erring brother less—  
Give bitter thoughts within my heart no place—  
But strive to work all good that in me lies.

O Father! teach me love.  
We grow too careless as we journey on—  
Careless of giving kindly word or smile—  
Careless the aching heart to oft beguile:  
Not thus the Christian's laurel-crown is won.

O Father! teach me faith—  
Faith that, upspringing, bears us on to God,  
Where dwell the holy ones, whose bright steps  
gleam  
Walking the golden stair, or by the stream  
That murmurs music on the heavenly road.

O Father! make me pure—  
Pure as a mortal heart can ever be—  
Fit for the glory of the second birth,  
With robe unspotted by the taints of earth—  
Calm, earnest, truthful—waiting, Christ, for Thee.

## A MOMENT OF PASSION.

THE story, or something like it, has been told before, but we wish to tell it in our own way. And the lesson it teaches will bear many repetitions.

Mr. Ellis was a man of kind and tender feelings, but quick-tempered and impulsive. He had a son, ten years old, a bright, handsome, generous-hearted boy, who inherited his father's impulsive character. A quick-tempered father and a thoughtless, impulsive boy are apt to get into sharp collision at times, and it was so with Mr. Ellis and his little son. The father's commands were not always obeyed; and as the father had some strict notions in regard to obedience, punishments jarred amid the household harmonies rather more frequently than a wise regard to justice and humanity would have approved. The hasty temper and foregone conclusions of Mr. Ellis made his discipline often cruel than reformatory. A single instance will illustrate our meaning; and that is the story we wish to relate.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and Willie Ellis came out from his mother's hands clad all in white linen, and looking as sweet and pure as innocence itself. The house stood only a short distance from a river, on the banks of which the boy was fond of sporting, and in the ooze of which he sometimes soiled his garments in a sad way, much to the discomfort of himself and his mother.

"Willie," said Mr. Ellis, as the boy passed out, "where are you going?"

"Only to play," answered the roughish mouth.

"To play—where?"

"With Eddie Wheeler, down at his house."

"Did your mother say you might go there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; all right, then. But, mind one thing—you are not to go down to the river. Yesterday you came home with your clothes soiled and wet. I won't have that again. So remember, that I've said—don't go to the river."

"Not if Mr. Wheeler lets Eddie go?"

There was a half-pleading look in the young, bright face.

"No," was the imperative answer; "I've said don't go to the river, and if you disobey me I'll punish you severely."

Willie's step had lost some of its airy lightness when he moved on again.

"Mind that you don't forget!" called the father after him.

The boy heard, but did not look back or make any response, which a little annoyed Mr. Ellis, who had grown very sensitive on the score of strict obedience.

"It wouldn't at all surprise me," he said to himself, "if he were to come home in an hour all covered with river mud. He is so thoughtless, or self-willed—I hardly know which. But children must be made to obey. That's the discipline to enforce, at all hazards; and if he disobeys me this time, he will have cause to remember it as long as he lives."

Something had gone wrong with Mr. Ellis, and he was in a sterner mood than usual. Moods of mind, rather than a sense of justice, oftenest influence our conduct with reference to others. We act from state of feeling more frequently than from considerations of right.

Mr. Ellis went away from home soon after, and returned in an hour. As he stood at the door, and glanced around for a moment before entering, he saw Willie in a shocking plight, wet and soiled from head to foot, slink through the garden gate. The boy had noticed him, and was endeavoring to get into the house without being seen. But at the door where he hoped to enter unobserved, he encountered a stern and angry face. A few quick strides had brought his father there.

"So you have been to the river, after all that I said?"

The boy lifted a pale face and frightened eyes.

" Didn't I tell you not to go to the river?"

A vice-like grip was already on his soft little arm.

"Yes, sir," came through quivering lips.

"And you went for all!"

"But, father—"

"Not a word, sir! I told you not to go to the river, didn't I?"

"Eddie Wheeler—" The poor child tried to explain.

"I don't want to hear about Eddie Wheeler. He can't excuse your disobedience. Come, sir, we'll settle this business!" and he dragged the

white-faced boy after him, up-stairs, to the garret, and taking down a rod, swung it in the air above his head.

"O father! Don't! Let me tell you!"

A look, almost like despair, was in the boy's face. Mr. Ellis remembers it to this day; and will remember it to the day of his death.

"I don't wish to hear any excuses," was replied, as the lithe rod came down upon the shrinking child, with a stroke that made every nerve quiver with pain.

"O father!"

Once more the mild, appealing look, so full of agony, was lifted to the stern face above him, but lifted in vain. A second cruel stroke fell, and then a rain of strokes, until the father's sense of pity, intruding between anger and unforgiving justice, stayed his arm. He went down-stairs, and left the boy lying in the middle of the floor, as he had dropped from his hand—motionless as if life were extinct. He met the pale, suffering mother below—she loved the boy tenderly, and had felt every smarting blow—but passed her without a word. She had seen Willie as he encountered his father at the door, and understood the meaning of this heavy punishment.

Mr. Ellis went out into the porch to breathe the freer air, and cool the sudden excitement under which he had been laboring. As he shut the door behind him, in a kind of instinctive effort to separate himself from a painful scene, he stood face to face with Mr. Wheeler. A hand grasped his hand in a quick, strong pressure.

"It was a brave act, sir! He's a noble boy! Where is he?"

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Ellis, looking bewildered.

"Didn't he tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"How he sprang into the river and saved my little Eddie's life?"

"I heard nothing of it."

There was a choking sensation in Mr. Ellis's throat—his voice was faint and husky.

"And he didn't tell you! Brave, noble boy! He came over to play with Eddie; and Eddie wanted to go down to the river; but Willie said he couldn't go to the river. I heard Eddie coaxing him; but Willie was firm, because he said you had told him not to go. I was so pleased at his obedient spirit. Well, I lost sight of them after a little while; but, as I learn, Eddie would go down to the river, and your boy followed him, but kept at a distance from the water. Instead of climbing over the

logs and barrels, or getting into the boats, he sat by himself away off. Then, sir, my Eddie, in leaning over the river, slipped and fell in; and your boy, instead of running away, half frightened out of his senses, as most children of his age would have done, sprang down to the wharf, and into the water after Eddie. I wonder they were not both drowned. It was only in God's mercy that they were saved. When the man who saw what happened got to the place, and looked over the dock into the water, there was Willie, holding on to a ring in one of the logs with his right hand, and clinging to Eddie with his left. Such courage and presence of mind in a boy almost surpasses belief! Where is he? He ran off home as soon as the man lifted him from the water. I must thank him for his noble act."

At this moment, the door opening into the porch swung back, and the white face of Mrs. Ellis looked out.

"O husband!" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "come to Willie! quick!"

Mr. Ellis followed his wife, and the neighbor hurried after them. The mother had found her boy lying insensible on the garret floor, and lifting him in her arms, had brought him down-stairs, and laid him, in his wet clothes, upon her own bed.

As Mr. Ellis came into the room, he saw the deathly face turned toward the door. The sight seemed to blast his vision. He struck his hands together, shut his eyes, and stood still suddenly.

"Will you run for the doctor?" said Mrs. Ellis to the neighbor.

The neighbor did, literally, as the mother said, he ran all the way to the physician's residence.

By the time the doctor arrived, Willie's wet garments had been removed. He asked but few questions as to the meaning of the boy's condition. Mr. Wheeler had told of his heroic conduct, and the inference was that there had been an over-excitement of the brain, leading to suspended animation. Still the case puzzled him.

"He may have been hurt in jumping from the wharf," suggested Mr. Wheeler.

The doctor, on this hint, examined the body.

"What is this?" he asked, as a long, purple stripe, lying across the back and shoulders, met his eyes. "And this?" he added, as he came upon another.

Mr. Ellis turned his face away, sick at heart; he could not follow the doctor's eyes.

"He may have been hurt internally," said

the doctor, drawing back the clothes, and covering the fair body, that was marked with cruel lines.

He was right in that, but the injury was deeper than he imagined. It was the boy's tender spirit which had been hurt.

"This will not last, doctor?"

The pale lips of Mr. Ellis quivered as he asked the question.

"I think not," was the uncertain answer.

It did not last. There came, soon after, signs of returning vitality. The neighbors went home—the doctor retired—and the father and mother were left alone with the brave-hearted boy, who had been wronged so cruelly. Mr. Ellis could not bear to look at him. He felt twice over, upon his own heart, the blows he had given. There was such rebuke in the pale face and shut eyes of the boy, who had not yet spoken, or recognized any one, that he could not stay in the chamber. Every moment he looked to see the eyes open, and how could he meet their gaze.

Mr. Ellis had been away from the room for only a few minutes, when the hushed voice of his wife, calling to him, reached his ears. He came to where she stood, half way down-stairs.

"Willie wants you," she said.

"Has he recovered?" asked the father.

"Yes. He opened his eyes and looked all around the room, almost as soon as you went out. Then he shut them again, as if to think; and then, looking up, after a little while, said, 'Where is father?' I told him you were down-stairs, and he said, 'Won't you call him?'"

Mr. Ellis went up to meet his child in a state of mental depression difficult to be conceived. He could have faced almost any imagined danger with less of shrinking than he now felt in going into the presence of Willie. But there was no holding back. What did the boy want? What had he to say? How would he receive him? These questions crowded and bewildered his mind. He pushed open the door softly and went in.

The boy's waiting ears had heard the almost noiseless feet approaching; and his eyes were upon the entrance. Mr. Ellis did not speak, but came over to the bed.

"O father! I didn't do wrong—I wasn't disobedient," said Willie, making an effort to rise from the pillow, and speaking with eagerness. "I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't hear—"

He was going on, but his father caught him

up, and as he drew him tightly to his heart, answered, "I know it all, my brave, brave boy!"

Then Willie's arms found their way to his father's neck, and clung there tightly. His cheeks, when his head went back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, were wet, but not with his own tears.

Could father or child ever forget that day? The child might; but the father, never!

O hasty, impulsive, passionate father! take warning in time. Be on your guard. Hear before you strike. Punish not on any hasty provocation. Take nothing for granted. It is a sad, sad thing to bear through life a memory like that which burdens the heart of Mr. Ellis whenever the thought goes backward into the irrevocable past.

### LOVE IN DEATH.

BY C. S. N.

*I*T was so fair, so green a spring,  
A day so filled with life and light,  
I never dreamed that it could bring  
The autumn and the starless night.

I did not deem that golden morn,  
With dew, and song, and blossom sweet,  
Could lose the fragrance of the dawn  
In weary noon-tide's dust and heat.

I knew the way was rough and long,  
But there was music in the air,  
And still I heard the siren song,  
Love only sings—for love was there.

I never dreamed the sultry noon,  
With tempest-tokens darkly fraught,  
I dreaded not the fell simoom,  
'Till all its direful task was wrought.

It came—that fearful blast of death—  
It swept o'er all my garden's pride,  
And in its burning, baleful breath,  
All that life yields of beauty died.

The blossoms withered into dust,  
The bending skies grew cold and gray—  
I murmur not—God still is just—  
I wait, I suffer, I obey.

SCOLDING.—What good does scolding do? It does no one the least service, but it creates infinite mischief. Scolded servants never do their work well. Their tempers are roused, as well as the mistress's, and they very often fail in their duties at awkward moments, simply to spite her and "serve her out." Very wrong in them doubtless; but human nature is frail, and service is a trying institution. It does no good to husband or child, for it simply empties the house of both as soon as is possible.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### MY CHICKENS.

BY VARA.

I WAS a proud and happy little girl, one bright spring morning a good many years ago, for my mother had told me that morning that I was to have the care—"the whole care"—of the brood of chickens my father had just made a home for in the yard, with their patient, yet fussy old mother. I was to feed them three times a day, see that their water-dish was kept well supplied, and, above all, to shut them up at night. "And now remember," said my mother, as she turned to go into the house, "that you must have care and not forget them."

Now I was a very careless little girl, and maybe my mother thought that if I felt that anything was really depending on me, I should grow more careful. At any rate, as I stood watching those tiny, downy little things, I thought, surely I shall always remember them. Their house was a very primitive one—an old flour-barrel turned down on its side—two stakes driven each side to keep it steady, while another stake in front held securely the board, which each night I was to slide down in front, and so shut them in safe. I stood and watched my father as he went into the barn, and first got some nice, soft hay and put in the barrel, and then, going up to the "meal-tub," he showed me just how much meal and how much water I must mix for them, in a little wooden dish he provided for me. I gave my chicks their first breakfast, and then went into the house for my own.

How many hours for the first few weeks of those chickens' lives I spent with them! Something better than meal and water they often got from me, for many a piece of bread and butter and slice of gingerbread did they share with me. The dear, little, soft things! I think now, as I used to think then, little chicks are the cunningest pets one can find. And the old-fashioned chicks of my girlhood did not grow so homely as they grew older, as do the Shanghaes and Cochin Chinas of now-a-days, that go about half naked on long, *stilly* legs.

But at first I came very near killing mine with kindness, for I fancied they would like to get out of the dark barrel early in the morning, and my mother was obliged to tell me that while they were so young it would not do to let them run about in the wet, dewy grass. But the warm summer days came on and the chicks grew apace, and grew to be "an old story," too. My old, careless habits began to get the upper hand of me.

My mother often had to ask, "Vara, have you let those chickens out?" I used to forget, once in a while, to feed them, too. Mother was very patient with me, and never scolded very hard about it.

But one night I came rushing home from school, followed close by my little sister, both of us beginning to go with some of our mates in the meadow for wild strawberries. "Not wait for any supper, mother. Just give us some cake in our baskets and let us go."

Mother cut generous slices of cake and gave us our baskets, and getting a promise from us to be back at sundown, let us go with the other little girls.

We had a merry time, and filled our baskets, besides staining our faces, fingers, and aprons with the berries, and my sister and I were two tired little girls, as we bade our mates good-night at our own door. We were so tired, that, after eating a bowl of bread and milk, I proposed going immediately to bed. We were half way up the stairs that led to our little room, when mother called, "Have you shut up your chickens, Vara?"

I stood still. Poor chicks! they had not had any supper even. With a sigh, I turned back, and running to the barn, hastily mixed some meal for them. It was almost dark. The little things, now about half grown, were already snug in the barrel with their mother. I threw a few spoonfuls of meal down near the front of the barrel, and called, "Chick! Chick!" But only one or two came out. The old hen was wise enough to keep still. Probably she thought late suppers injurious, for she only gave a sleepy "Chuck-Chuck!" as if to say, "Keep quiet, children." I waited a moment or two for the ones who came out to eat. But being tired and sleepy, I was impatient, and presently drove them into the barrel, and hastily dropping the board down between it and the stake, ran into the house.

The next morning mother had to call me more than once—and her warning of, "It is too bad to keep your chicks so long shut up this hot morning"—at last roused me. I dressed and run out to the barrel. But I stood in amaze when I got in sight of my poor chicks' house. The board was down, to be sure. Down, alas! very secure, for underneath it, pinned close to the ground, were the heads of two of my prettiest chicks. I saw how it was in an instant. In my eager haste the night before, I had jammed the hard board down on their pretty necks, thrust out for one more bit of meal. And there they were, *dead*, killed by my own hand. With the tears running down my cheeks, I pulled up the board and drew out their little, stiff bodies, all soiled now by the trampling of their brothers and sisters, who had been "*peeping*" for an hour to get out.

Sobbing and crying, I carried them to my mother, who, when she had heard the story, said, "How could you be so careless?"

That is it, I kept saying to myself, I am so care-

less. I was almost discouraged about myself. The old hen, I used to imagine, looked at me reproachfully, and seemed to say, "You killed two of my children."

About a week after, I was taken suddenly and seriously ill. For two or three days I was so sick I did not take much notice of anything. But on the fourth day I felt better, and began to look about me. My mother was sitting by me fanning me, when I started up, exclaiming, "Has anybody fed my chickens?"

"Dear child," said a voice from the other side

of the bed, which was that of a neighbor, "how much care she always has."

She wouldn't say so, I thought, if she knew how I killed two of them, and I wondered mother didn't tell her. But mother only said, "The chickens had been looked after."

Do you think, little readers, that I grew to be a careful girl after that?

*I wish I could say yes.*

But I do know one thing, that for many summers after that, I had the care of successive broods of chicks, but I never murdered any more.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

### WOMEN IN JAPAN.

WE find the social position of women in Japan superior to that of their sex in most Oriental countries, and similar in many respects to that enjoyed by them in our own. They are not condemned to seclusion, and the sexes mingle freely for social intercourse. Neither is a certain degree of education denied them, and music, painting, dancing, and embroidery are among their accomplishments.

The Japanese women are not unattractive in appearance; and before marriage they heighten their natural charms by the use of carmine upon lips and cheeks, and by elaborate adornment of the hair. But after marriage it is no longer allowable for a woman to aspire to cause pleasure by, or to create admiration of, her personal appearance; and, apparently for the purpose of rendering herself as unattractive as possible, she blackens her teeth, pulls out her eyebrows, and maintains the utmost plainness in her attire.

The doctrine of the equality of the sexes is yet undreamed of in Japan. The husband is the lord and master, whose word is law, and who exacts from his wife, under penalty of death, the most rigid fidelity to marriage vows, yet who would consider a like requirement from him on her part most absurd and unreasonable.

The country has been guarded so jealously against the intrusion of foreigners, that it is almost impossible to tell what is the exact social and domestic status of women among the higher classes in Japan, but it is believed that they possess an equal freedom with those of the middle and lower classes.

We give this month an engraving of a Japanese girl painting her lips. She is seated, as is their custom, upon the floor, as they have neither chairs nor sofas; and her mirror is of polished steel. Glass mirrors are unknown in Japan, except such as have been recently imported there.

### BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

I WAS once walking in her pleasant garden with a mother—the mother of ten children, all of whom had grown up to be a blessing to herself, to themselves, and to everybody who knew them. Many sorrows they had, and she had for them; but only sorrows—no dissensions, no bitternesses, no sins. In the whole ten was not a single "black sheep." I said to her, talking about them and the difference between them and most other families I knew, "How did you ever manage to bring them up so well?"

"I did not bring them up at all," said she, smiling. "I did with them as I did with that apple-tree there—I let them grow up."

Ay, that is the secret which parents so often miss. They will not let their children grow. They must keep lopping them and propping them, training them after some particular form, forgetting that every human being, like every tree, has a growth of its own—ay, even though it may not be after the parental pattern; that the wisest thing in the end, seeing that the best of parents are not infallible, is just to treat young folk like young trees—removing all harmful influences, and bringing them under the reach of good; giving them plenty of earth and sun, freshness and dew, and then letting them alone.—*D. M. Mulock (Mrs. Craik).*

### CROUP.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

THERE are two general types of this terrible disease, spasmodic and membranous. The first, bad as it is, shows its real character at the outset, and if promptly and wisely dealt with, can generally be checked. But the more dangerous—almost invariably fatal type—comes as a secret enemy. The child seems to have a common cold; plays about two, three, or even four days, the disease all the time gaining ground, though mild remedies for

a cold may be used; and before any one dreams of danger, the windpipe fills with membrane, and help is almost impossible.

Mothers cannot be too careful to shield their little ones from this awful suffering and peril—for such it is in either form. The most important thing is to keep them warmly clothed and thickly shod; especially the feet, neck, arms, chest, and bowels should be well protected. Piercing winds, and the mild, but changeable and often damp days of spring, are quite as much to be guarded against as settled, clear winter weather.

It is far from safe, when the first symptoms of croup appear, even if but a slight difficulty of breathing, to delay sending for a trusty physician. But while awaiting his arrival, a warm bath, followed *instantly* by wrapping in hot flannel, may be of great service—or soaking the feet in warm mustard-water. A poultice of roasted or baked onions,

on the throat and chest, as hot as can well be borne, is a perfectly safe and almost certain remedy, if used at the outset. It will not do, in times of such peril, to be fastidious. Onion sirup, too, is very good, though unpleasant. These simple remedies, *used promptly*, often suffice. The homœopathic medicines, aconite, hepar sulphur, sponge, and sachesis, are invaluable; and iodide of potassa dissolves the membrane, but should never be given without a physician's prescription.

The old maxim in regard to prevention holds good in this, of all cases. A mother who has once seen her darling child struggling for breath, will never after think it too much trouble to see that her children are kept from unreasonable exposure, the bedclothes secured around them, and every avenue of the enemy's approach sedulously guarded; and to aid her in this, their father may well give a portion of his time and thoughts.

## GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

### WORK FOR MAY.

**A**RBORS covered with flowering vines are very pretty, and so are arches over entrances and gateways. These are not necessarily expensive, but can be made by any one who can handle a hatchet, a hammer, and a spade, and when completed they will vie in elegance and beauty with those of far more pretending construction.

There is nothing prettier than rustic work, and this any one can accomplish. Two beanpoles placed one each side of a gateway, and united at the top by a discarded barrel-hoop, or by cross-pieces of shorter poles, make an excellent framework for morning-glories to run upon. The same design carried still further, and made to form six or eight sides, and almost any of the climbers trained over it, will become a beautiful summer-house.

A single pole with strings set out some three or four feet from its base, and fastened at the top of the pole, the strings furnishing support for Cypress vine, scarlet runner, nasturtium, or any of the climbers, makes a fine pyramid of bloom, and will form a striking centre for a flower-garden.

**SOWING SEEDS.**—In May the seeds which thus far have not been sown, in case our readers have preferred out-door culture in place of trusting to the uncertainties of house or hotbed starting, must now be put in the ground.

**TRANSPLANTING.**—If the weather seems settled, the young plants may be transplanted from the hotbed or box into the open ground. Transplanting should always be done with a trowel, taking as much dirt as possible with the roots. If the hole made to receive the plant is filled with water, and the

plant set immediately in, and the dirt pressed closely around the roots, the plant will scarcely know that it has been moved. It is always our rule in transplanting anything and everything, not merely to moisten the ground, but to fill to overflowing with water. By this means we have been singularly successful, and find it possible to transplant flowers in full bloom, and during the hottest season of the year. Evening is the best time for transplanting, and the safest way is to protect the plants a day or two from the sun.

**PANSIES.**—This is a good time to buy stock of new kinds, and to sow for pot and border bloom. Cuttings of bedding kinds put in now will make new plants to bloom all summer.

**SPRING BULBS.**—Keep a careful watch of the spring bulbs after they are done blooming; and as soon as the leaves are dried, take them up carefully, spread them out to dry for a few days, and then put them up in paper bags, and lay them away for fall planting. They may not be ready for this before June; but if delayed too long, the leaves will disappear, and the bulbs be lost sight of entirely. They lose their vigor and deteriorate in bloom if allowed to remain in the ground year after year.

**CHARCOAL.**—Charcoal is very useful in a flower garden. It will deepen and strengthen the hues of roses, petunias, and pansies, while white petunias will become veined with red and violet tints. It also stimulates weak rose-bushes to full bearing, and keeps them vigorous if the applications are occasionally repeated.

**EVERGREENS** may be transplanted at this period of the year. Water freely, and mulch heavily after planting.

## A WARD CASE.

**W**E find the following directions for manufacturing a Ward case for the culture and protection of ferns, mosses, and wood-flowers, in "The American Woman's Home," a book on domestic science, prepared by Miss C. E. Beecher and Mrs. H. B. Stowe:

"The greatest, and cheapest, and most delightful fountain of beauty is a 'Ward case.' Now, immediately all our economical friends give up in despair. Ward's cases sell all the way along from eighteen to fifty dollars, and all, like everything else in this lower world, regarded as the sole perquisites of the rich.

"Let us not be too sure. Plate-glass, and hot-house plants, and rare parterres, are the especial inheritance of the rich; but any family may command all the requisites of a Ward case for a very small sum. Such a case is a small glass closet over a well-drained box of soil. You make a Ward case on a small scale when you turn a tumbler over a plant. The glass keeps the temperature moist and equable, and preserves the plants from dust, and the soil being well-drained, they live and thrive accordingly. The requisites of these are the glass top and the bed of well-drained soil.

"Suppose you have a common, cheap table, four feet long and two wide. Take off the top boards of your table, and with them board the bottom across tight and firm; then line it with zinc, and you will have a sort of box or sink on legs. Now make a top of common window-glass, such as you would get for a cucumber-frame; let it be two and a half feet high, with a ridge-pole like a house, and a slanting roof of glass resting on this ridge-pole; on one end let there be a door two feet square.

"We have seen a Ward case made in this way, in which the capabilities for producing ornamental effect were greatly beyond many of the most elaborate ones of the shops. It was large, and roomy, and cheap. Common window sash and glass are not dear, and any man with moderate ingenuity could fashion such a glass closet for his wife; or a woman, not having such a husband, can do it herself.

"The sink or box part must have in the middle of it a hole of good size for drainage. In preparing for the reception of plants, first turn a plant saucer over this hole, which may otherwise become stopped. Then proceed with a layer of broken charcoal two inches deep, and place over it a soil composed of one half wood soil, one fourth clean sand, and one fourth meadow soil taken from under fresh turf, and add to it some pounded charcoal, or scrapings of the charcoal bin.

"Now for filling the case:

"If you make a Ward case in the spring, your ferns will grow beautifully in it all summer; and in the autumn, though they stop growing, and cease to throw out leaves, yet the old leaves will

remain fresh and green till the time for starting the new ones in the spring.

"But supposing you wish to start your case in the fall, out of such things as you can find in the forest; by searching carefully the rocks and clefts and recesses of the forest, you can find a quantity of beautiful ferns whose leaves the frost has not yet assailed. Gather them carefully, remembering that the time of the plant's sleep has come, and that you must make the most of the leaves it now has, as you will not have a leaf more from it till its waking-up time in February or March. But we have succeeded, and you will succeed, in making a very charming and picturesque collection. You can make in your Ward case lovely little grottoes, with any bits of shells, and minerals, and rocks you may have; you can lay down, here and there, fragments of broken looking-glass for the floor of your grottoes, and the effect of them will be magical. A square of looking-glass introduced into the back of your case will produce charming effects.

"The trailing arbutus or May-flower, if cut up carefully in sods, and put into this Ward case, will come into bloom there a month sooner than it otherwise would, and gladden your eyes and heart. In getting your sod of trailing arbutus, remember that this plant forms its buds in the fall. You must, therefore, examine your sod carefully, and see if the buds are there; otherwise you will find no blossoms in the spring. There are one or two species of violets, also, that form their buds in the fall, and these, too, will blossom early for you.

"In the fall, if you can find the tufts of eyebright or houstonia cerulia, and mingle them in with your mosses, you will find them blooming before winter is well over. But among the most beautiful things for such a case is the partridge-berry with its red plumes. The berries swell and increase in the moist atmosphere, and become intense in color.

"A Ward case has this recommendation over common house-plants, that it takes so little time and care. If well made in the outset, and thoroughly drenched with water when the plants are first put in, it will, after that, need only to be watered about once a month, and to be ventilated by occasionally leaving open the door for a half hour or hour when the moisture obscures the glass and seems in excess.

"To women embarrassed with the care of little children, yet longing for the refreshment of something growing and beautiful, this indoor garden will be an untold treasure. The glass defends the plant from the inexpedient intermeddling of little fingers; while the little eyes, just on a level with the panes of glass, can look through and learn to enjoy the beautiful, silent miracles of nature.

"For an invalid's chamber, such a case would be an indescribable comfort. It is, in fact, a fragment of the green woods brought in and silently growing; it will refresh many a weary hour to watch it."

## COLLECTIONS OF PLANTS FOR GARDENS.

**W**E have given, in a previous number of the HOME MAGAZINE, a list of seeds of annuals and biennials such as are desirable to grow in a flower-garden; but have only referred casually to perennials, and such plants as are propagated most usually by division of root, or by cuttings. We find, in looking over Mr. Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1870, that he offers to send for ten dollars one hundred different varieties of plants, bringing down the average cost of each plant to ten cents.

This is, we think, the cheapest and most desirable collection we have yet seen, and embraces a sufficient number and variety of plants to stock an ordinary sized garden. It includes ten ever-blooming roses, twenty verbenas, four fuchsias, four

lantanas, four pansies, four sages, four geraniums, four dahlias, six gladiolus, four double tuberoses, two monthly carnations, and other plants and bulbs, in like quantities and equally choice.

For six dollars Mr. Dreer will send one half this collection, or fifty plants; and for five dollars, a collection of fifty bedding plants.

Those who wish to secure bloom early, easily, and cheaply, without any of the trouble and occasional disappointment which attend the germination of seeds or the raising of plants from cuttings, will find this mode of obtaining plants both desirable and satisfactory.

The collections will be carefully and securely packed, and will be forwarded by express at the purchaser's expense. Mr. Dreer's address is Henry A. Dreer, seed warehouse, 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

### CHAPTER V. HEALTH.

THE preservation of health is a subject calculated to excite both attention and interest; and it is one with which the mother of a family should be familiar. Although the great Author of our being and the Source of life is the controller of all events, and each breath we draw is subject to His will, He, nevertheless, allows us to be His agents, and gives us certain moral and physical laws, by obeying which we increase, or disobeying we destroy, vitality. Health is easily abused, and the seeds of disease are quickly sown.

A man is ambitious of acquiring wealth; he toils for this both day and night, refusing reasonable relaxation and sufficing rest, and lo! when his object is attained after years of labor and wearying anxiety, he would willingly expend the whole of his golden hoard could he regain that which he so wantonly destroyed—*his health*.

Nor is man alone to blame. Alas! A woman, ambitious of obtaining '*a certain position in society*' (as it is called), labors with unweary perseverance to attain this (to her) great end. She flirts, fawns, and dances her way into *fashionable* life, forgetful of all higher aims and holiest ties, and after a prolonged season of unrest and unsatisfied desires, she sinks into an enfeebled condition, and finds, too late, that for vain show and folly she has bartered away one of God's best gifts—*health*.

But whilst we uphold a proper degree of care for the preservation of health, we do not advocate that constant solicitude which proves hurtful both to the anxious person and annoying to those with whom they associate. This condition often provokes hypochondriacism, and is, therefore, to be specially guarded against.

Some young ladies imagine that an appearance of languor renders them more interesting, and they indulge in manifestations of feebleness and faintness until habit becomes so deeply rooted as to produce alarming consequences, which are not readily overcome. Mothers should, therefore, feed their daughters' minds with healthful nutriment, so that they may early learn to scorn all false pretences, and to rejoice in the full proportion of vigor which has been granted them.

The care of children naturally induces anxiety on the score of health, and brings into play the nicest discrimination and most complete prudence on the part of mothers. Sulkiness, passionate behavior, and other disagreeabilities, are sometimes regarded as indications of physical, instead (as they truly are) of moral disease, and are treated accordingly; the petting and the dainties injure both the child's stomach and manners. Instead of watching with such solicitude the outward appearances of children, it would prove far more profitable to look upon the inner man, and correct temper and habits before they acquire full growth.

With respect to family arrangements, we quote an apt clause, which says—" Regularity in every habit is a mode by which health may be promoted." This is proved by the daily circumstances of life. Take, for instance, a young girl who has been accustomed to stated hours for rest; drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation, she is deprived of this habit, and the result is soon seen in pallid cheeks, a wearied frame, and unequal spirits.

" With children, the habit of going to bed soon, and of rising early, should be enforced." Another good rule is, to allow them to remain in bed until the room becomes properly heated. Otherwise their bodies become thoroughly chilled, and this induces

a degree of peevishness, trying to the mother and nurse, and which a little forethought would have remedied.

A proper, judicious mode of washing a child is another form of promoting health. The little ones should be daily bathed (if it agrees with their general condition of health) in a plentiful supply of water, and then be briskly and *completely dried*. Friction promotes a healthful circulation of blood, and aids the growth of an infant.

Stomach complaints are so prevalent in this country, that every effort should be made to promote a strong and healthful condition of the digestive organs, and it is, therefore, expedient to commence with the earliest period of life. Irregularity in hours of eating is a fruitful source of disease. "Children's meals should be at equal intervals from each other; and they should not be allowed to have anything to eat between their meals." If fresh food is partaken before the previous contents of the stomach is well digested, the food last eaten is said to pass off half digested, and the blood derives no strength from it.

Whatever food is given to children, should be good of its kind, and well prepared; the meat should be *tender*, and be simply boiled or roasted. Potatoes should be well boiled, and be as mealy as possible. Rice and plain puddings may be given them, but rich desserts should be avoided. In the training of children, one great mistake is sometimes made—it is, that children are taught to regard appetite as a source of reward. Cakes and candies are given as inducements for good behavior, studiousness, &c., and thus the mind is not only unhealthily trained, but gluttony is also promoted, and the digestion is ruined.

Besides regularity in habits of life, proper nutriment and cleanliness, good humor is also a promoter of health. An habitual state of gloom maintained among the members of a family, or disagreeable influences of any kind, will soon affect children, and aid in producing a morbid condition of mind which proves injurious physically, as well as mentally. In certain stages of childhood, the mind receives impressions which prove lasting, and which, in after years, will tell for good or evil. Surround children, then, with whatever will help to give a healthy tone to the disposition, and create around them, as far as lies in human power, an atmosphere of love and joy, so that when the darker shades of experience deepen, some sunny gleams from early years may break in and illumine the picture.

Large, well-ventilated rooms "promote health and cheerfulness." Sleeping apartments may not always be spacious, but they can always be made thoroughly clean, and be allowed the entrance of pure, fresh air, when the weather is dry and clear. Much dampness should be always avoided. The windows in bed-rooms should be invariably let down from the top a short distance, otherwise the noxious vapors exhumed from the body find no

outlet, and are absorbed by respiration, poisoning the whole system.

### VEGETABLES.

**CELERY SAUCE.**—1. Cut the celery into small pieces, and boil it in a cloth until it becomes tender. Put over the fire a skillet containing a pint of cream, or of rich milk, a good-sized lump of butter, and a small quantity of flour, with some salt; and when the butter is melted, put in the celery, and let it boil up. If you prefer it, you can add a glassful of vinegar.

**CELERY SAUCE.**—2. Wash some celery, and scrape it clean; then cut it into small pieces, and boil it in water until it becomes quite tender. Add pepper, mace, nutmeg, salt, and a small piece of butter rolled in flour—with a little vinegar or lemon-juice, a spoonful of catsup, and half a pint of nice gravy. Boil all together, and then serve it.

**CELERY, DRESSED.**—The yolks of two eggs and a cupful of cream must be put into a pan, and be beaten well together; then add as much vinegar as suits your taste, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Let all boil together for two minutes, and then pour the mixture over the celery. Add salt and pepper.

**HORSERADISH SAUCE.**—Grate some horseradish, and boil it in milk; then add some flour and butter, mixed together—also, some pepper and salt, and the yolk of an egg. Let it boil up for a few minutes.

**OCHRA.**—Scrape the ochras, and cut them into small pieces; stew them in a little water, and then season them with pepper, butter, and salt. A few drops of lemon-juice added just before serving them is considered an improvement.

**RICE.** (the African method of boiling rice, obtained from a person who resided in Liberia). To one pint of rice, take three pints of water. The water must be boiling when the rice is put into it. First, wash the rice in cold water, but do not let it remain in the water; as soon as the rice is washed, put it into the boiling water. Boil it as hard as possible for about five minutes; then drain off the water, and let the rice remain in the pot over hot embers, to steam. It is necessary to renew the embers once, and give the pot a shako. Keep it covered close. When the rice is sufficiently done, the grains will be whole, and swelled up.

**RICE MADE INTO FRITTERS.**—Boil, dry, one tea-cupful of rice, and add four eggs, a pint of milk, a little salt, and enough flour to make a stiff fritter batter. Shape, and fry the fritters.

**To Cook ONIONS.**—After frying your meat, leave some fat in your spider; put in your onions sliced; add a little salt and some water; when about half done, add an equal quantity of good sour apples sliced, and let them cook together.

## TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

### FASHIONS FOR MAY.

All high bodies take more or less of the jacket form. The sleeves are cut high on the shoulder, and the darts terminate under the bust.

Coat-sleeves are still worn for the street, but the old-fashioned pagoda and flowing sleeve are revived; and sleeves composed of two puffs, with cross-cut fold between, and finished with a ruffle, are employed for dinner-dresses.

Jackets fitted to the figure, and cut away from the front to display a pretty vest, are much worn.

The bodies of many of the summer muslin and grenadine dresses will be made open to the waist, and a chemisette of lace inserted, trimmed with narrow ribbon bows.

A cape with tab-ends belted in, looking like a "Metternich" in miniature, will afford a convenient and stylish change from the basque for out-door wear.

Walking-dresses are of the same length as heretofore, and the cut and arrangement of the skirt are the same. The skirts of gored pique dresses are laid in large, flat, hollow plaits at the back, instead of being gathered.

For out-door wear the basque, mantle, jacket, or whatever may be worn as a wrap, may be of different material from the rest of the dress, but it must be of the same color, unless it be of lace. Lace shawls, both black and white, will be much worn during the summer.

### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1st is a little girl's suit to be made of gray poplin, and intended for a child of six years. With this dress is worn a circular cape with hood.

Fig. 2 is a dress for a child of ten years, to be made of a light buff mohair.

Fig. 3, for a miss of thirteen years, is blue, all-wool delaine, with small, black figure.

Fig. 4. This suit is for a child four years old, made of deep, gold-colored, all-wool delaine.

Fig. 5, sailor suit, is for a boy five or six years old, to be made of mulberry-colored cloth.

Fig. 6, for a child of about ten years, to be made of crimson cashmere. The trimming is white cashmere, edged with black velvet, or a fold of black silk may be stitched in to finish the edges.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Apart from the lively pleasure arising from the investigations of the wonderful and curious in nature to which it leads, an acquaintance of some sort with the busy world of insects seems now-a-days to be almost a necessity, especially with those whose lines are cast in rural places. This utilitarian feature of the science of entomology has done much of late years to popularize it, and American scientists have written very elaborate papers with regard to insects injurious or beneficial to agriculture. But it is only within the past year that a genuine American textbook of a popular character, and adapted at once to the needs of the student and of the farmer and fruit-grower, has been issued. The work to which we allude is Professor A. L. Packard's *Guide to the Study of Insects*, which, besides being a superior class-book for schools and colleges, is a volume that the general reader may peruse with interest, and from which the agriculturist will derive a large amount of valuable information with regard to his friends and foes among the insect tribes. As far as may be, it is an original book, and one of which American science has reason to feel proud. It is exquisitely printed, and copiously illustrated with eleven full-page plates, and six hundred and fifty wood-cuts. For a copy of this valuable work, we are indebted to the kindness of the Naturalist's Book Agency, Salem, Massachusetts. Price six dollars, in full muslin binding.

Nichols & Noyes, of Boston, have favored us with the first volume of a new work, by the Rev. Dr. E. F. Burr, author of "Ecce Ccelum," entitled *Pater Mundi; or, Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father*. Written with a great deal of orthodox fervor and earnestness, and at once defending and illustrating both Theism and Christianity from the side of modern science; it cannot fail to attract considerable attention.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, this month send us three attractive looking books, with which no intelligent boy or girl can help being delighted—*Brake Up; or, the Young Peacemakers*, by Oliver Optic. *Dialogues from Dickens for School and Home Amusement*, arranged by W. Elliot Fette, A.M., and *The Tone Masters*, by the author of "The Soprano." "Brake up" is the fifth of the "Lake Shore Series" of stories, the best and

most truly original, in our opinion, of Mr. Adams's numerous admirable tales for the young. "Dialogues from Dickens," besides being a novelty in its way, has been prepared in most excellent style. The dialogues are forty-five in number, and comprise some of the most effective scenes from Dickens's works. For home amusement and for school exhibitions these little dramas will be found highly attractive. Young people of musical tastes will be pleased with Miss Kingsford's sprightly and entertaining "Tone Masters." In the present volume, which, though complete in itself, it is in contemplation to follow with others of a similar character, the leading facts in the lives of Mozart and Mendelssohn are very pleasantly related. The same publishers send us a pamphlet entitled, *The Question of the Hour: The Bible and the School Fund*. By Rufus W. Clark, D.D. Dr. Clark is a strenuous advocate of the present common-school system, and deems it unwise and fatal to the ends of education that the Bible should be excluded from the schools. That the school fund should not be divided, he deems of vital importance. The above works are for sale in Philadelphia, by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Lee & Shepard also favor us, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, with an interesting pamphlet entitled—*The Overland Route to the Pacific*, by the Hon. E. H. Derby, of Boston. This is a pleasant and graphic sketch of the railways across the continent.

*The American Naturalist* is the title of an entertaining and instructive monthly magazine, devoted to the popularization of natural history, and published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Massachusetts. It is illustrated with plates and wood-cuts. The fourth volume commences with the March number of the present year. Subscription price, four dollars a year; single numbers, thirty-five cents.

Among the most valuable and instructive of the recent additions to our exchange list is the *Technologist*, an illustrated journal of engineering, manufacturing, and building. It is issued by the Industrial Publication Company, 176 Broadway, New York, at the extremely low price of two dollars a year. The American News Company, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are agents for supplying dealers.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### THE NEED OF CHEERFUL HOMES.

We have always felt that a cheerful, happy home was the greatest safeguard against temptations for the young; and that parents should spare no pains, and begrudge no money to make home an attractive spot. There should be pictures to adorn the walls; flowers to cultivate the finer sensibilities; the choicest and most entertaining of books, and high-toned and instructive newspapers and periodicals. These things, no doubt, cost money, but not a tittle the amount that one of the lesser vices even will cost—vices which are sure to be acquired away from home, but so seldom there. Then there should be social pleasures—a gathering of young and old around the hearth-stone; a warm welcome of the neighbor who drops in to pass a pleasant hour. There should be music, and games, and reading. The tastes of all should be consulted, until each member of the family shall look forward to the hour of reunion around the hearth as the brightest one in the whole twenty-four.

Wherever there is found a pleasant, cheerful, neat, attractive, inexpensive home, there you may be sure to find the abode of the domestic virtues; there will be no dissipated husbands, no discontented or discouraged wives, no "fast" sons nor frivolous daughters.

We find in the London *Spectator* some very sensible remarks on this subject of homes. It says:

"Recreation is a necessity of hardworking, overstrained life. Men and women need it, and will have it. But should they go from home to find it? Is home nothing but a place to sleep, eat, and drudge in? Plainly false and injurious as is such view, it seems to be that which generally prevails among us. The members of the household seek their recreations abroad. Yielding to different tastes, or controlled by different circumstances, they seek it in different places. Husbands and wives, parents and children, thus separate from one another in their associations, the family unity disappears, and the seeds of discord are planted in the home circle. Under this false and fatal idea, that it is necessary to go abroad to seek after enjoyments, society has become a travelling association of pleasure-hunters, as if pleasure could be found by thus hunting for it. The old, happy home-life is disappearing—we had almost sadly said, had disappeared; and with it is vanishing not only the truest enjoyment, but also the greatest safeguard of our social state. Miserable or guilty is that man who quits home to find enjoyment. Lost is that woman who does it. Unhappy is the son or daughter who does not find home the happiest spot on earth. The family circle is a misnomer, as applied to the members of households thus separate in their associations and pleasures. With them there can be no golden chain of holy affection strengthened and kept bright by loving association and the communion of the innocent joys and sacred sorrows of the family. Home should be the dearest, happiest spot on earth to every individual. There the weary man of business should find his needed rest. There the wife and mother should find her purest, deepest pleasure. And there children should find attractions stronger than all the world can present."

"We tinker away at the evils of society, and go on making new 'societies' to amuse, instruct, or restrain our people, when the great want is homes!"

### NOVEL-READING.

*Appleton's Journal* has these sensible remarks on the use and abuse of novel-reading: "The only difficulty with novel-reading is, that, like dram-drinking, it is so rarely indulged in with moderation. Novel-readers are apt to conceive a distaste for all other kinds of literature; their mental digestion is spoiled for everything but the most highly seasoned literary tid-bits. Exclusive novel-reading is to the mind very much like what dinners made up solely of pastry and desserts would be for the stomach. The mind that cannot enjoy a good novel is to be pitied; the mind that has fed itself to such excess on the novel, that it has become insensible to every other form of intellectual entertainment—dead to history, philosophy, science, and all the splendid world of investigation and thought lying within them—is a maimed, decrepit, intellectual pauper. But the novel as one form of intellectual recreation, is admirable; where, in some instances, it proves too stimulating, in others it awakens imagination, arouses feeling, and sets in motion half-dormant forces. The secret of the fondness for the novel, existing so notably among women, young people, and all whose sphere of existence is narrow, is in the fact that it extends the reader's experiences of life, enlarges the field of his sympathies, and multiplies the area of his existence. This expansion, as it were, of one's self is a great fascination, and is only unfavorable when it brings in unwholesome yearnings and restless discontents, or renders the sensibilities mawkish. The novel exalts our ideals of humanity, and often gives us worthy models for imitation. If it fills us sometimes with a few affectations, it compensates by cherishing in our hearts hatred of meanness, cowardice, and all forms of unworthiness. If it occasionally works mischief by dangerous suggestions, it quite as often warns by timely hints. But the good and the bad of the novel have too often been discussed to need further illustration. Like all other mortal institutions, it is of mixed good and evil. To one man it is poison, to another antidote. Within certain limits it cheers, sweetens, and is a means of happiness; beyond those limits, it becomes an indulgence relaxing to the fibres of the mind, and weakening to all our intellectual and moral forces.

### A GOOD GIVER.

Grace Greenwood, says the *Home Journal*, recently penned a worthy tribute to the late George Peabody, under the title of "The Good Giver." In the course of her observations she points to another American philanthropist, saying: Philadelphia has a good giver, of the munificent, yet never-wearying daily dispensing sort, in Mr. Childs, the enterprising publisher and proprietor of that wonderful business sheet, the *Daily Ledger*. As wealth, the reward of brave effort, and patient industry, and the result of peculiar business tact and energy, flows in upon him, he passes it on with a hand eager in liberality, swift to bestow. To one who knows that his great means have been rapidly acquired, that he is still a young man, with possible reverses and misfortunes before him, there is something startling in Mr. Childs's impulsive way of giving—a sort of extravagance of generosity. He is decidedly "fast" in his benefac-

tions, and his liveliest sympathies seem to be with his craft. He gives entertainments, costly excursions, and life insurance policies to his employees; Fourth of July and Christmas dinners to his newsboys; and has purchased for, and deeded to the Typographical Society of Philadelphia, a large plot of ground in the beautiful Cemetery of Woodlands. But no worthy cause or individual appeals to him in vain. He is constantly inventing new ways of getting rid of money, for the good and enjoyment of others; but Mr. Childs is himself happy, as well as the cause of happiness in others, and he looks happy. His face, fresh and ruddy as that of dear Joseph Sturge, is as cordial and helpful in expression. A man of the world, with other objects and beliefs, and modes of action than those of the saintly Quaker—with a more daring, not to say dashing spirit of enterprise, with more elegant and exacting tastes, he is yet a man who, for his deeds, would have been heartily welcomed to that simple cottage at Edgbaston, out of which flowed such ceaseless streams of beneficence, such benign influences for "peace on earth, good will toward men."

#### THE WORKINGMAN.

The cheapness, splendid illustrations, and useful character of the reading matter, are already creating a wide-spread interest in "THE WORKINGMAN"—see third page of cover. It is meeting the warmest approval of both employers and employees, and many of the former are ordering and distributing copies through their shops and manufactories. Among these we may mention Mr. George W. Childs, the liberal-minded publisher of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, who has ordered for his employees three hundred copies for a year. The proprietors of "The Baldwin Locomotive Works," of this city, distributed between seven and eight hundred of the first number among their men; and other large establishments have ordered freely for the same purpose. There is nothing in the paper to create antagonism between capital and labor; but everything to promote a feeling of mutual interest and interdependence. Its chief aim is to promote the social and moral well-being of workingmen."

#### LIQUOR AND LUNCH.

A volume entitled "Health and Good Living" has this statement: "Capital is careful; and it may surprise the reader very much to know that the practice of drinking liquor in connection with lunch, has become so general in New York with young men, and clerks, and others in subordinate positions, and the ill-effects so apparent, that quite a number of the largest banks in and about Wall Street have for more than a year been in the habit of having substantial lunches spread in their own buildings, under the very eyes of the more responsible bank officers, so that their business may not suffer from their clerks indulging in liquor with their lunch. And if moneyed men, for pecuniary considerations, expend large amounts every year to guard against the evils referred to, it is very certain that the necessity for it has been forced upon their attention by incontrovertible facts. And it is high time for parents and guardians, and even sisters and wives, to consider whether they have not a more than pecuniary interest in devising measures to counteract the mischief of dining down-town as to the male members of their households."

We learn that Miss JEAN INGELOW has nearly completed a domestic story in verse, of between five and six hundred lines—about the dimensions, perhaps, of Mr. Whittier's "Snow Bound"—which she will publish in connection with some minor poems, quite new to the public, but said by those who have seen them to be quite worthy to rank with the best things she has done. The work has been done with a special view to meeting the demand of the American public, and the book will probably make its first appearance here, bearing the imprint of Roberts Brothers, New York. It will hardly appear before summer.

"ONCE A MONTH" has been discontinued.

It is said that a large proportion of cases of dyspepsia and consumption have their foundations laid when children are in their teens, arising from habits of eating at home, especially among girls, who are all the time about the house, and get into the habit of nibbling at whatever eatables happen to catch their eye.

I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine over ten years without repairs, and without breaking a needle, although I commenced the use of it without any instructions; have used it constantly for family sewing; have quilted whole quilts of the largest size, and it is still in complete order, runs like a top, and bids fair to be willed to those who come after me with better powers of production than an unbroken prairie farm.

MES. H. E. G. AREY.  
Whitewater, Wis.

#### Publications of T. S. Arthur & Sons.

##### Arthur's Home Magazine.

A Lady's Magazine of large circulation. Terms, \$2 a year; 3 copies, \$5; 4 copies, \$6; 8 copies and one to getter-up of club, \$12; 15 copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$20. *For sale by Newsdealers at 20 cents a number.*

##### The Children's Hour.

An Illustrated Magazine. Edited by T. S. Arthur. A friend and teacher of the little ones, ever seeking to lead them into the knowledge of things good, and true, and beautiful. Terms, \$1.25 a year; 5 copies, \$6; 10 copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$10. *For sale by Newsdealers at 15 cents a number.*

##### The Workingman.

Devoted to the best interests of all who labor with hands and brain. Terms, 60 cents a year; 10 copies for \$5. *For sale by Newsdealers at 5 cents a number.*

##### BED-TIME."

An Elegant Steel Engraving. Size, 20 inches by 18.

This beautiful picture is given as a premium to all who send us clubs for the "HOME MAGAZINE," for "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," or for "THE WORKINGMAN."

Every subscriber to the "HOME MAGAZINE," "CHILDREN'S HOUR," or "THE WORKINGMAN," will be entitled to order a copy of "BED-TIME" for \$1. On receipt of the money, the engraving will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the United States.

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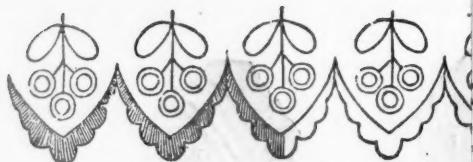
LAUDERBACH, SC

WHAT KIND OF REMEMBRANCE WILL HE HAVE OF YOU?

Page 345.

WALKING-COSTUMES FOR JUNE. (FURNISHED BY MME. DEMOREST.)  
*For description, see second page of Second Extension Sheet.*





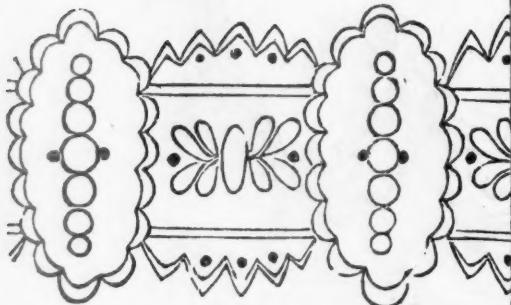
## -TABLE.

(*of Plate.*)

chestnut-brown foulard. The skirt is a puff of the cuir color, surmounted in tints, and is about three fourths the trimming being arranged surplice with puffs of the cuir color, separated

teen-inch flounce, set on in deep box-pippings of satin. This basque is paring the back divided into two long ears on the front.

with a scalloped flounce, bound with measuring ten inches. This flounce has, and set on with a piping of the ped very high on the sides with full correspond with the skirt.



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

ring of the same color. Straw bouillot to get a perfect match in color, black or white lace, which can be worn

brown, though over light dresses, lace. Suits of unbleached will be seen, braids matching the linen in color. on.

*is:* cambrics, muslins, lawns, bareges, and made long, are now arranged en

scant, with bands between, of velvet the sewing machine.

the like; sailor jackets and small liness at the back, instead of being fit materials, such as silks and wool-position.

orted dresses are never more than entire depth of the skirt. The rea-be overskirt, make the weight, in ado not "turn" their silk dresses as one side, so that there is now no

tently lined than thick dresses, the ness, the same walking length. The length. The edge is bound with the an with braid.

to simulate short vest, jacket, large the elbow, the waist, and high up on larly when the skirt forms a long eve, at the wrist, but above, so as to

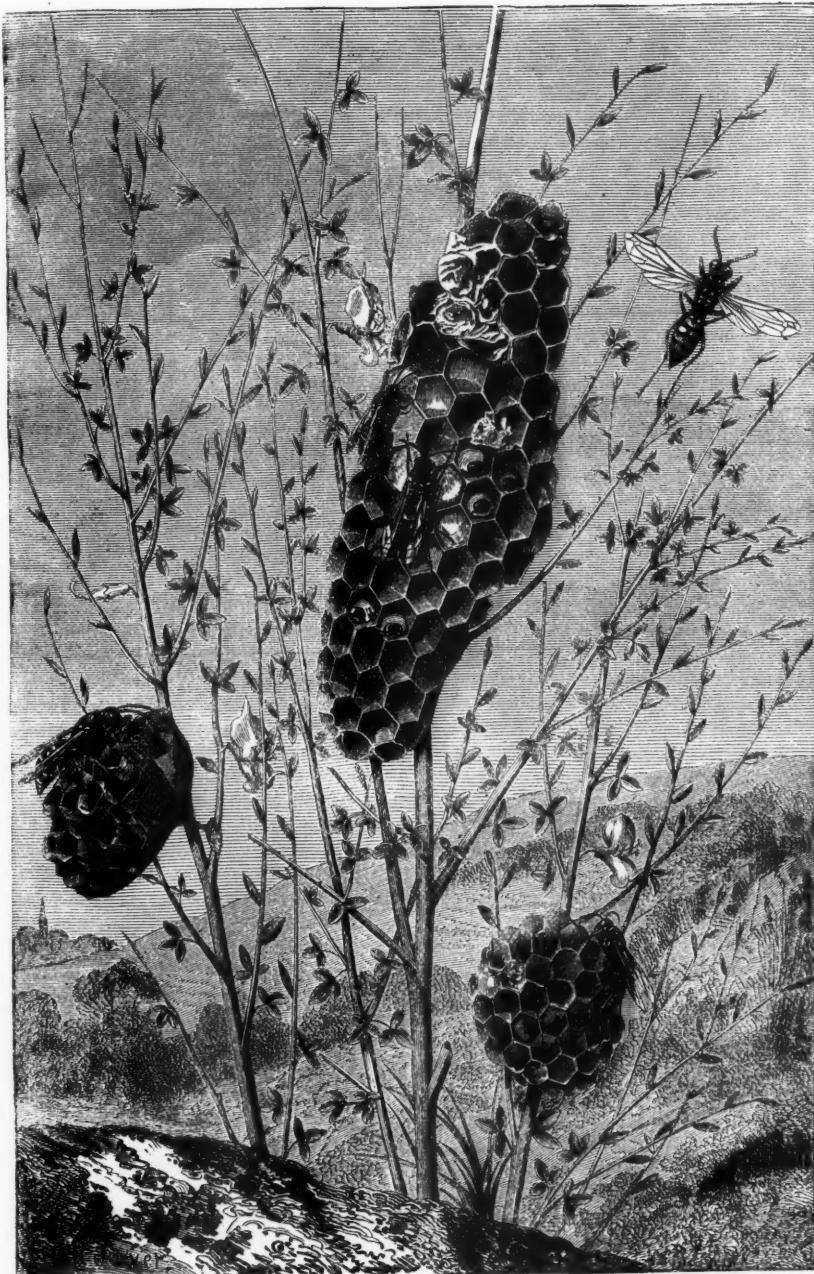
ming carried several inches up the ll of Valenciennes, worn with them. ne.

the same, headed with "feathered-edges.

quite inexpensive. Two, three, five, ced apart. When the smaller numbeaded by one or two narrow ones, or placed upright.

hairs, and soft woollens. The plaits ide in single material and laid flat; th are generally worn standing, the

ers are dispensed with, and inside ched, is worn round the throat.



FRENCH POLISTES (*Polistes gallicus*).





IRMA LOW BODICE.

This pretty bodice is made of muslin for evening wear. It is open in front, with revers and crosses at the waist. The basques are cut into long points, looped up at the sides, and trimmed with cross strips and bows of satin. The short sleeves are made of deep lace, slightly gathered into the arm-hole.



GENTLEMAN'S NECKTIE.



CRAVAT BOW.



BERTHA OF BLONDE AND TULLE.

The foundation shape of this bertha is made of stiff net, and covered with a puff of tulle; the bretelles are edged with blonde one inch wide, slightly gathered; the sewing on of the blonde is covered under a pink satin rouleau. The front and back part of the bertha are also covered with a puff of blonde; they are also edged with blonde and rouleaux of rose-colored satin. The lappets come beyond the bertha in front. Bows of pink satin ribbon are fastened on the bretelles from illustration.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

# INNOMINATA GALOP.

BY PAUL SENTZ.

## INTRODUCTION.

## GALOP.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by W. H. BOERN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The musical score consists of two staves of piano music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one flat. The tempo is indicated as *f* (fortissimo). The score begins with two measures labeled '1' and '2' in boxes, followed by a section labeled 'Fine.'. The next section, labeled 'TRIO.', begins with a dynamic of *p* (pianissimo). This section contains six measures of continuous eighth-note chords. The final section, labeled 'D. C. Galop.', begins with a dynamic of *fz* (fortississimo) and contains two measures labeled '1' and '2' in boxes. The score concludes with a final dynamic of *fz*.



WALKING OR TRAVELLING COSTUMES.

No. 1.—Short, round, alpaca skirt, bordered with a plaited flounce, headed by a narrow box-plaiting of the same. Casaque forming a plait in the centre of the back; several plaits at each side, and a tablier in front of it, is looped up at the sides, bordered with a plaiting, and decorated with faille bows of the same color.

No. 2.—Walking-costume of pearl-gray poplin. Underskirt trimmed with a deep flounce, scalloped and bound with black velvet. Upper tunic skirt crossed in front, looped up on each side, so as to open in front and form a puff behind. This tunic is scalloped and bound with velvet. Plain high bodice and coat sleeves trimmed to match the dress. Cross fichu with basque fastened under the waistband. Toquet of black velvet, adorned with cock's feathers. Gabrielle collarette.